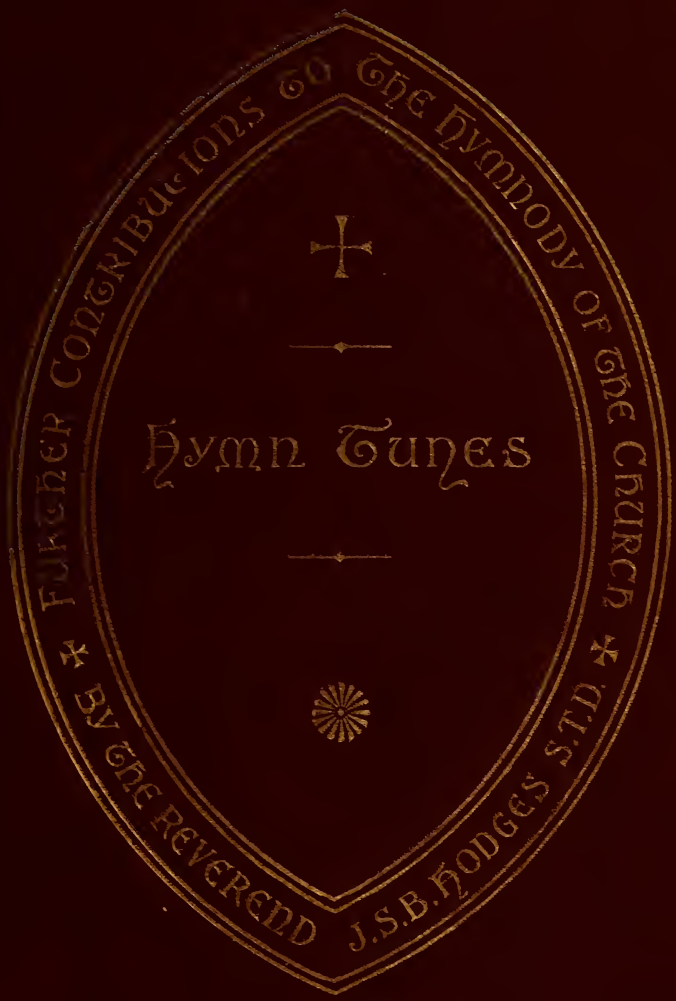

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HYMN TUNES,

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Further Contributions

TO THE

Hymnody of the Church;

BY

J. S. B. HODGES, S. T. D.,

RECTOR OF ST. PAUL'S PARISH, BALTIMORE, M D.

NEW YORK,
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PREFACE.

The following tunes were written, not for a collection, but from time to time, during the past thirty-five years, as occasion seemed to arise. Thirty years ago the Church Hymnal was a very different thing from that now in use. It consisted of some one hundred and twenty-four "Selections" (from Tate and Brady,) or as Selection Ninety-seven was cut up into twenty-two parts, the number was virtually one hundred and forty-five; and two hundred and twelve Hymns; in all three hundred and fifty-seven hymns. The great bulk of these were either Common, Long, or Short Metre hymns; and the greater number of tunes in use had necessarily to be confined to these Metres. They may be considered as the old church Metres. As an index of what tunes were then in use in the Church, the "Tune Book" put out in 1859 by a Committee appointed by the House of Bishops, contained one hundred and sixty-nine Tunes all told, of which fifty-one were C. M.; forty, L. M.; nineteen, S. M.; and twenty were 7s, or 8, 7s, leaving thirty-nine tunes only for all other Metres.

Since 1860 the character of the hymns authorized and used in the Church has greatly changed. Devout servants of God have been moved to write hymns and spiritual songs, by no means confining themselves to these old metres; hymns which have won a place amongst those in use throughout the Church wherever the English tongue is known. These hymns came not altogether, but one by one, as gifted men were moved. As they came, and were found to be useful in the public worship of the church, appropriate music was required, and so there has grown up within the past quarter of a century a number of hymn tune writers who have done what they felt moved to do to supply this want; Dykes and Smart and Hopkins and Stainer and Barnby and others. To-day the best known, and the most generally sung, and the all but uniiversally favorite hymns in use in our Church, are the new hymns, set to the new music.

It may seem presumptuous to call attention to such names in connection with the offering to the Church of the tunes contained in this little book. The only point intended to be made is this, that as these hymns from time to time came under the notice of the present writer, and not always accompanied with music suitable in itself, or suited to he capacity of the choirs under his care, he has been moved to do what he could in the way of translating devout words into devout music; and these hymn tunes are now offered to the Church for such use as they may be fitted for. As with the words of hymns, so with the music, natural selection determines much. The fittest are those that survive, and this little collection is only "a further contribution to the hymnody of the church,' thrown out in the hope that possibly one here and one there of the tunes may be found

worthy of survival, and be an aid in the devotions of the congregation. They are by no means all of them new, some having been written many years ago, and having found their way into print, and into use in some few churches. The greater part, however, appear for the first time in print.

A word in regard to the manner of singing hymn tunes, thrown out also, for what it is worth, to Choir masters and Organists. There is one point which those having charge of our choirs do not seem always to understand, or else fail to carry out. Apart from the different time in which hymns should be sung, and the kind of spirit to be thrown into them, our hymns (and tunes) would seem naturally to divide themselves into two general classes. The one is that of the old *Chorale; e. g.*, Old Hundred, Luther's Hymn, St. Ann's, Tallis' Canon, etc. In these hymns, as a general rule, each line of the words is a distinct phrase, ending on an accented syllable, and not running on quickly into the following line, and each line of the music is even more distinctly a separate phrase, complete in itself both in harmony and in rhythm. Consequently all such tunes may, and should, be sung so as to bring out this feature. Each line should be brought out emphatically, with a solemn dignity and fulness; and a pause made upon the last note, not after it, but by a full sustaining of the note to about double its natural time. To dwell longer than this is unnecessary, and would soon become tedious, and mar the proper effect. Now it is not difficult to know what hymns fall into this class and require this treatment. Most C. M., L. M. and S. M. hymns are such; and generally * such as end each line with an accented syllable.

The other class consists of hymns of the more modern school, in which the rhythm seems to flow on naturally from one line to another, generally in pairs; so that a pause, or dwelling upon a final note would be out of place except at the end of each second line. As a type of this class take "The Church's One Foundation," or "Jerusalem the Golden." It will be seen at once that both words and music seem to call for a steady movement until the close of the second line is reached. But at the end of these second lines you will find the music has a long note, generally a dotted semibreve equal to three of the ordinary notes of the line; *and this is long enough*, and should not be exceeded, as too often is done; the tendency in choir organists being to shorten short notes, and lengthen long notes.

It is suggested, therefore, that as a general rule, in Hymns of the Chorale class each line should be closed with a (not too great) prolonging and swelling out of the last note; while Hymns not belonging to this class should be sung through in fairly strict time; not rigidly exact, and without expression; but without unnecessary breaking of the rhythm.

In the hope that some things in this book may prove useful and edifying in the musical worship of the Church, it is sent forth to struggle for the existence of its fittest parts.

BALTIMORE, MD., *Lent*, 1891. J. S. B. HODGES.

* "Generally," because there will be exceptions; as for example in the verse

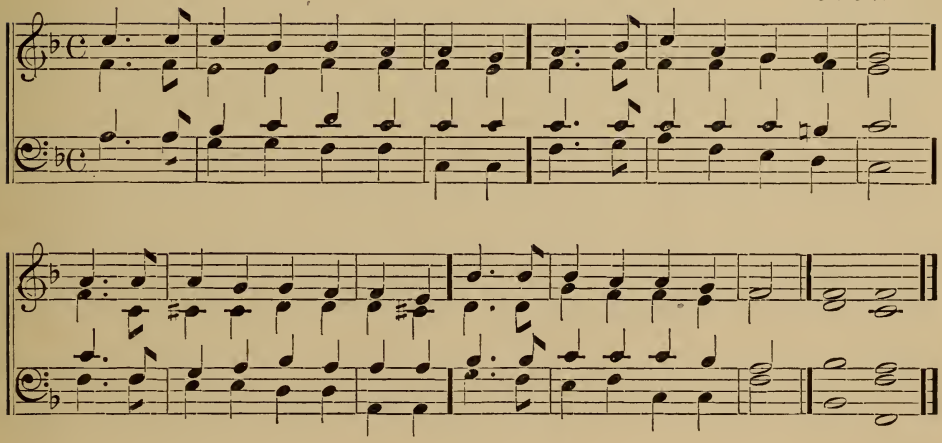
"The Lord shall come, and He will not
Keep silence, but speak out."

But the rule will generally hold good.

HYMN-TUNES.

No. 1. Hark! a Thrilling Voice is Sounding.

8.7.8.7.



1 Hark ! a thrilling voice is sounding,
"Christ is nigh," it seems to say;
"Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day !"

2 Wakened by the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
Christ, her Sun, all ill dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

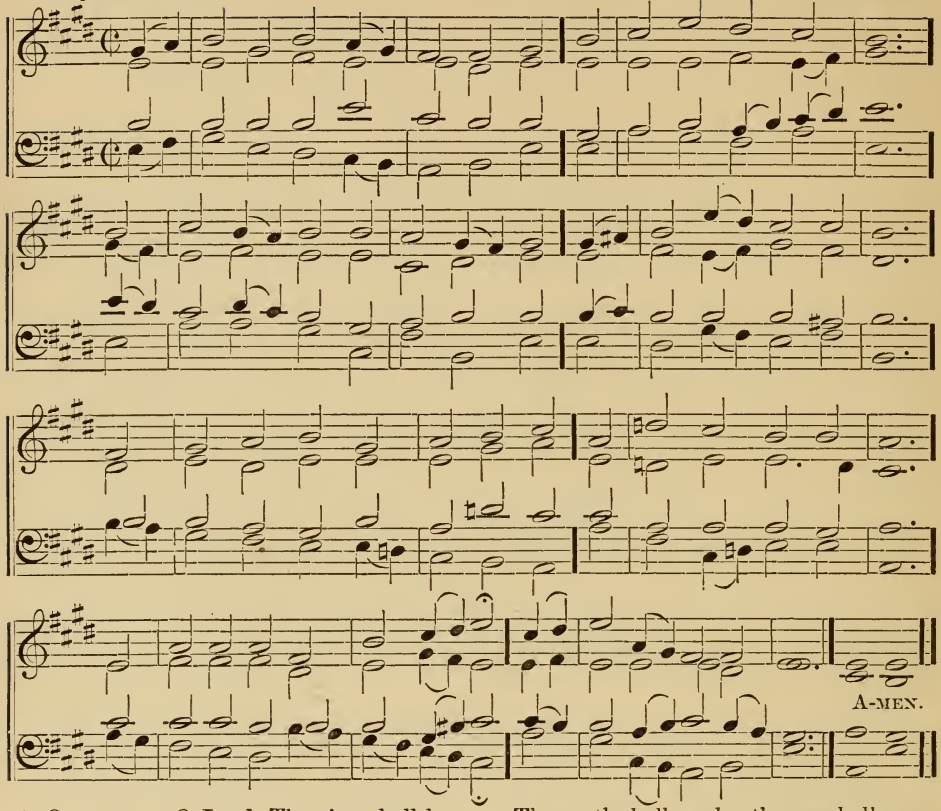
3 Lo ! the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven;
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all to be forgiven.

4 That, when next He comes with glory,
And the world is wrapped in fear,
With His mercy He may shield us,
And with words of love draw near.

5 Honor, glory, might, and blessing,
To the Father, and the Son,
With the Everlasting Spirit,
While eternal ages run. AMEN.

No. 2. Once more, O Lord.

Hymn No. 8. D. C. M.



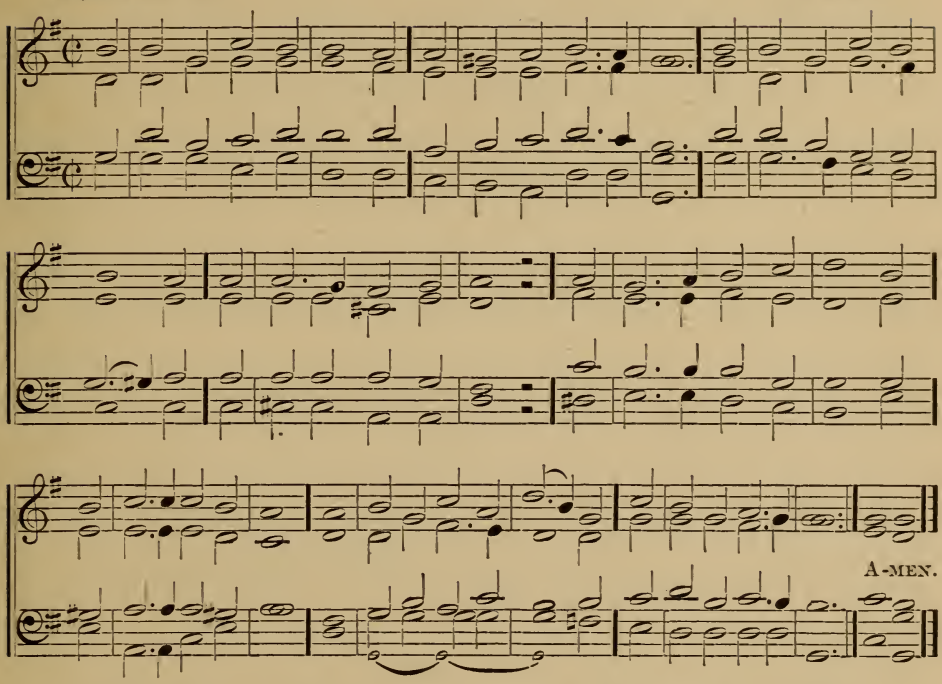
1 Once more, O Lord, Thy sign shall be
Upon the heavens displayed,
And earth and its inhabitants
Be terribly afraid :
For, not in weakness clad, thou com'st,
Our woes, our sins to bear,
But girt with all Thy Father's might,
His judgment to declare.

2 The terrors of that awful day,
Oh, who can understand?
Or who abide, when Thou in wrath
Shalt lift Thy holy hand?
The earth shall quake, the sea shall roar,
The sun in heaven grow pale ;
But Thou hast sworn, and wilt not change,
Thy faithful shall not fail.

3 Then grant us, Saviour, so to pass
Our time in trembling here,
That when upon the clouds of heaven
Thy glory shall appear,
Uplifting high our joyful heads,
In triumph we may rise,
And enter, with Thine angel train,
Thy palace in the skies.

No. 3. O Jesus, Thou art Standing.

Hymn No. 10. , 6, 7, 6, D.



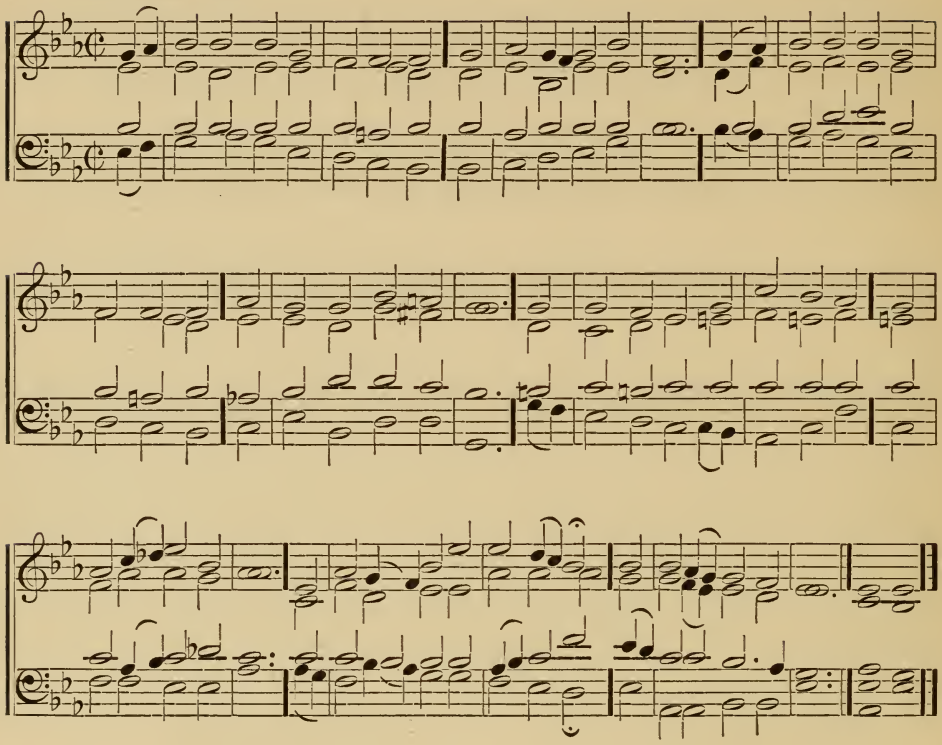
1 O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there.

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarr'd,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marr'd:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

No. 4. It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.

Hymn No. 22. C. M. D.



1 It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold ;
Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King ;
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

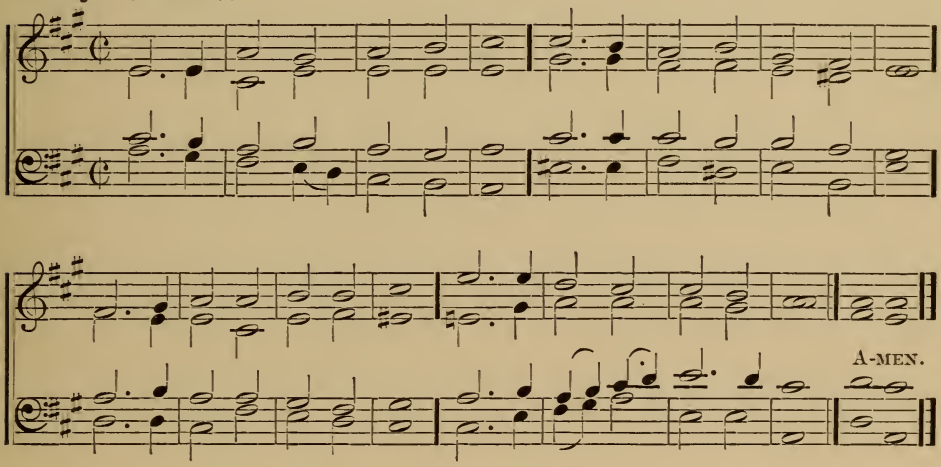
2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurl'd ;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world :
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3 O ye beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow!
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

No. 5. Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

Hymn No. 17. 7s.



1 Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

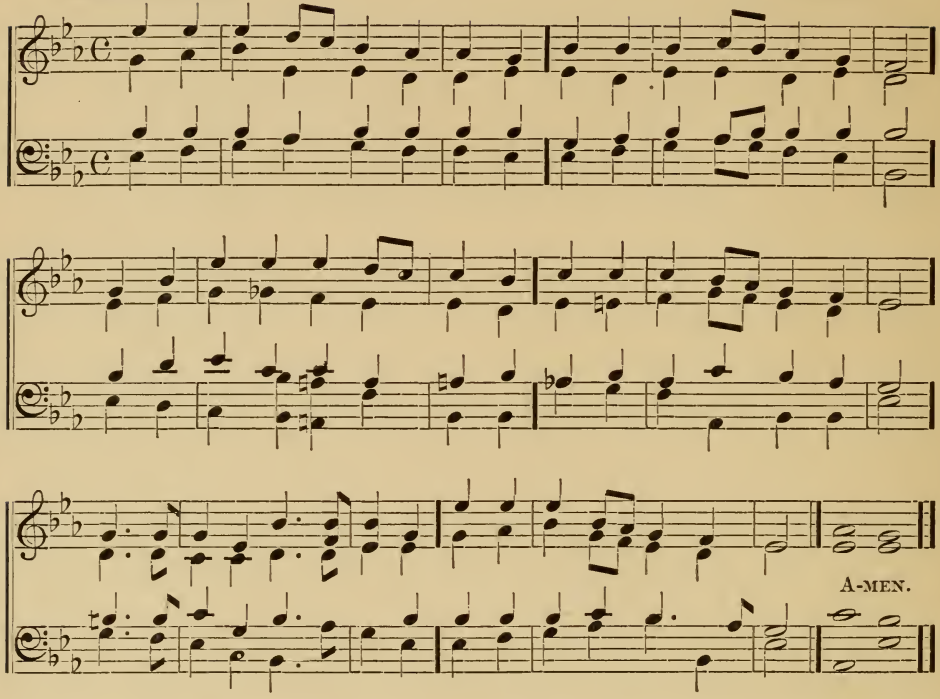
3 Christ, by highest heaven adored
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb:

4 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with men to dwell
Jesus, our Emmanuel!

5 Risen with healing in His wings,
Light and life to all He brings.
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!

No. 6. Angels from the Realms of Glory.

Hymn No. 24. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.



1 Angels, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
||: Come and worship,:||
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

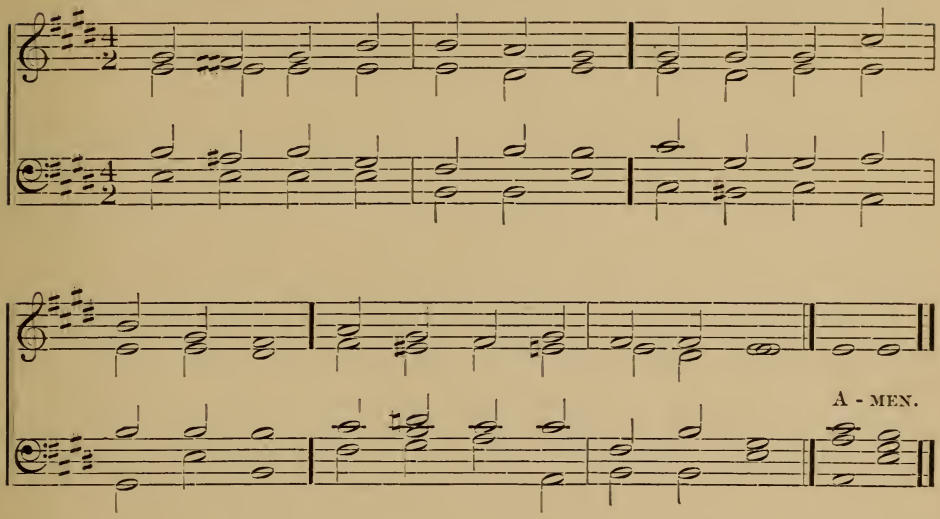
2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light:
||: Come and worship,:||
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar:
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star:
||: Come and worship,:||
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear.
||: Come and worship,:||
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

No. 7. Lord, in this Thy Mercy's Day.

Hymn No. 63. 7s.



1 Lord, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere the time shall pass away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

2 Holy Jesu, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere the hour of doom appears.

3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

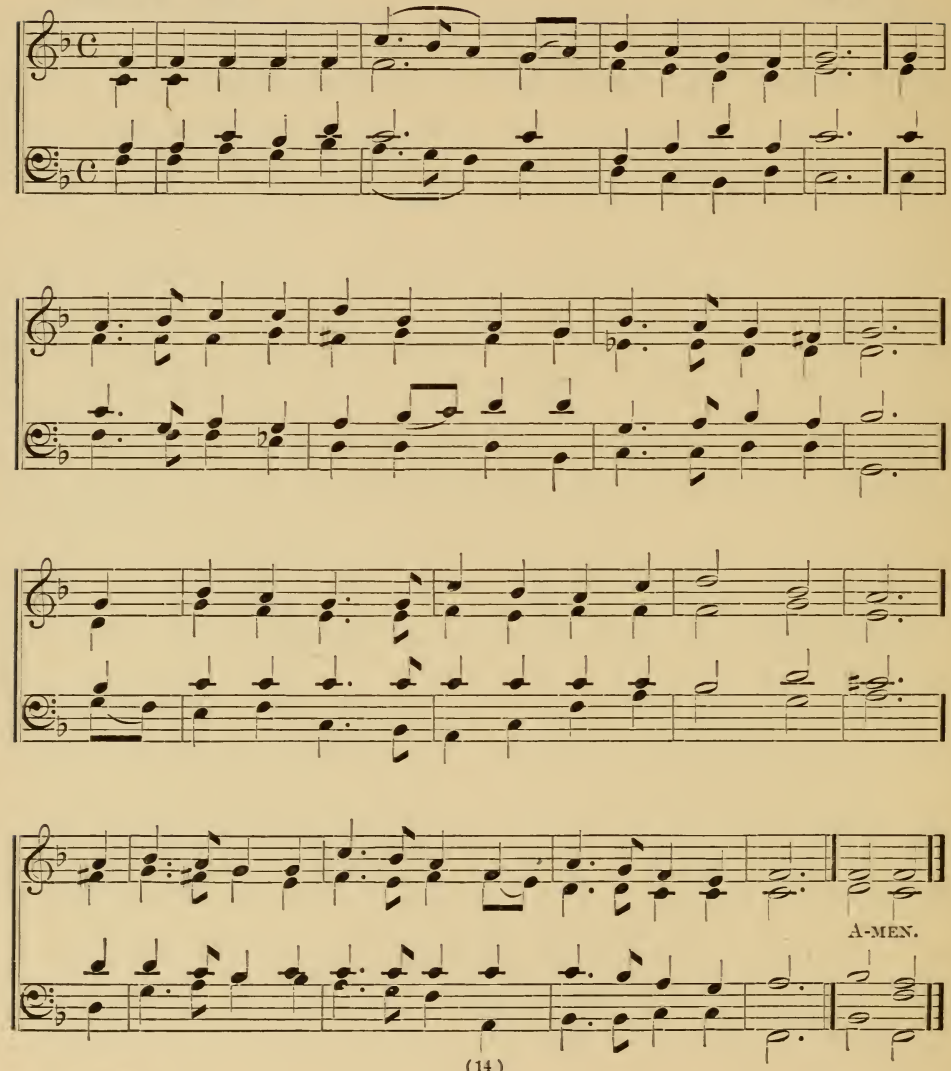
5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
When we see Thee face to face,
Grant us neath Thy wings a place.

7 On Thy love we rest alone,
And that love will then be known,
By the pardoned round Thy throne.

No. 8. A Few More Years Shall Roll.

Hymn No. 28. S. M. D.



1 A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

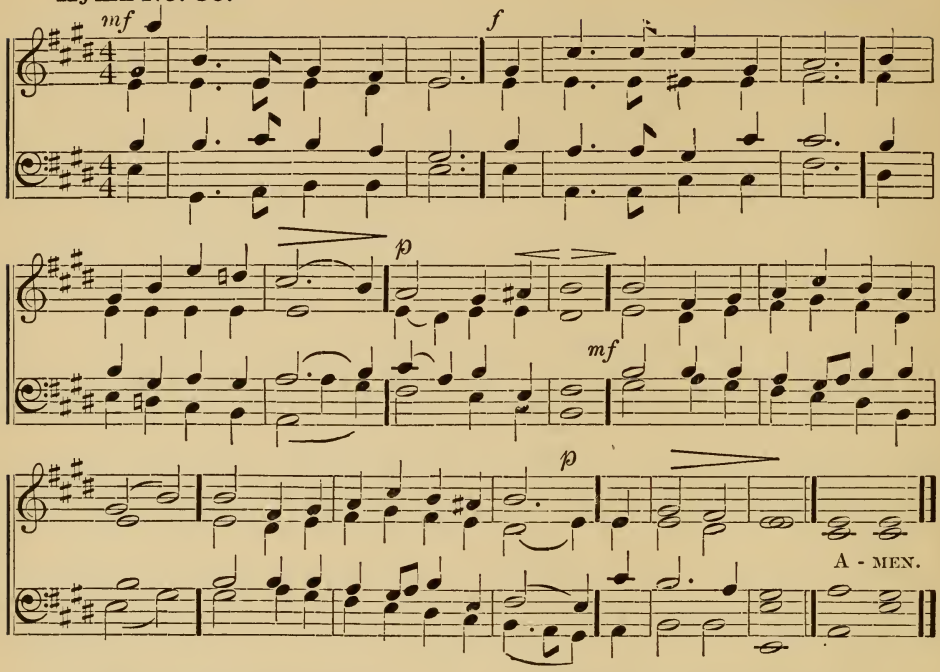
3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

5 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare,
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away. Amen.

No. 9. Behold the Lamb of God.

Hymn No. 80. 6. 6. 6. 4. 8. 8. 4.



1 Behold the Lamb of God!
O Thou for sinners slain,
Let it not be in vain
That Thou hast died;
Thee for my Saviour let me take,
My only refuge let me make
Thy piercéd side.

2 Behold the Lamb of God!
Into the sacred flood
Of Thy most precious blood
My soul I cast;
Wash me and make me clean within,
And keep me pure from every sin,
Till life be passed.

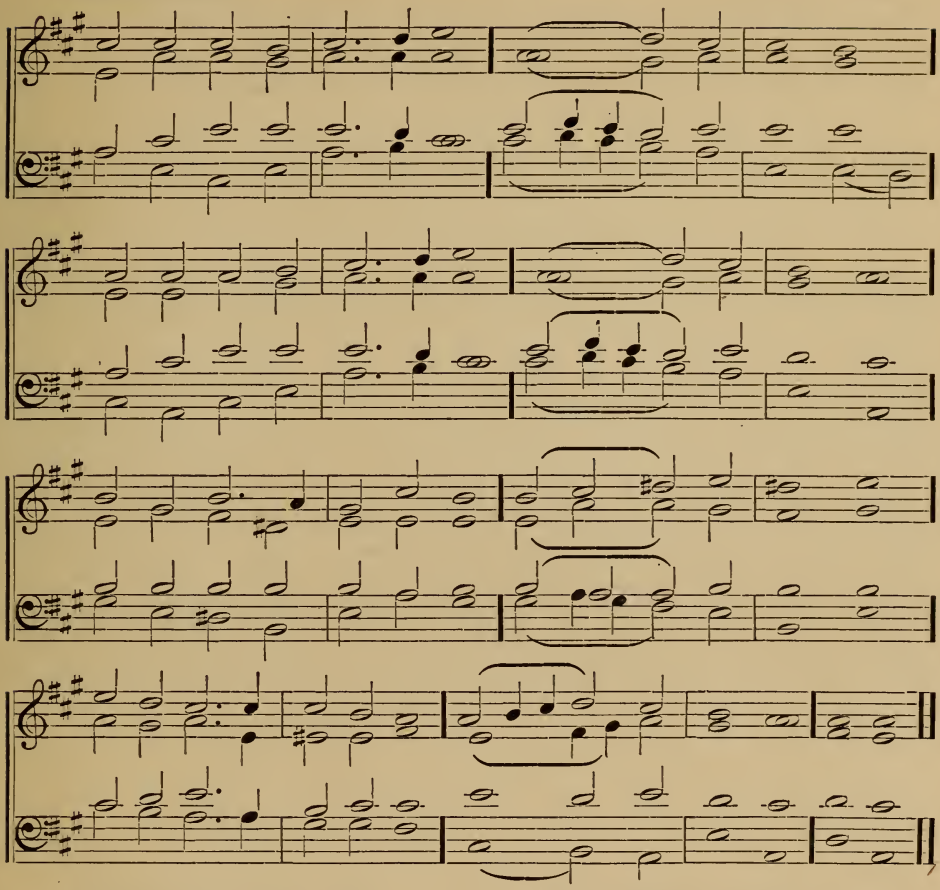
3 Behold the Lamb of God!
All hail, incarnate Word,
Thou everlasting Lord,
Saviour most blest!
Fill us with love that never faints,
Grant us with all Thy blesséd saints,
Eternal rest.

4 Behold the Lamb of God!
Worthy is He alone,
That sitteth on the throne
Of God above;
One with the Ancient of all days,
One with the Comforter in praise,
All Light and Love.

This tune was written by request, especially for the third verse, as a Eucharistic Hymn.

No. 10. Jesus Christ Is Risen To-Day.

Hymn No. 99. 7s.



1 Jesus Christ is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy day,
Who did once upon the cross
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Alleluia!

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!

3 But the pains which He endured
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing!
Alleluia!

No. 11. Come See the Place Where Jesus Lay.

Hymn No. 102. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

With spirit.

♩ = 100.

f *mf* *ff*

A-MEN.

1 Come see the place where Jesus lay,
And hear angelic watchers say,
"He lives, Who once was slain:
Why seek the living 'midst the dead?
Remember how the Saviour said
That He would rise again."

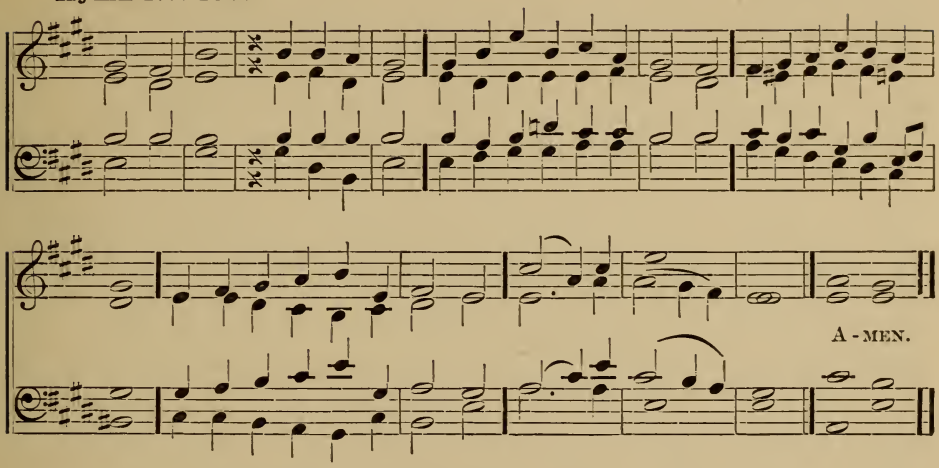
2 O joyful sound! O glorious hour,
When by His own Almighty power
He rose, and left the grave!
Now let our songs His triumph tell,
Who burst the bands of death and hell,
And ever lives to save.

3 The First-begotten of the dead,
For us He rose, our glorious Head,
Immortal life to bring;
What though the saints like Him shall die,
They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.

4 No more they tremble at the grave,
For Jesus will their spirits save,
And raise their slumbering dust:
O risen Lord, in Thee we live,
To Thee our ransomed souls we give,
To Thee our bodies trust. Amen.

No. 12. Jesus Lives! No Longer Now.

Hymn No. 104. 7. 8. 7. 8.



1 Jesus lives: no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appall us;
Jesus lives: by this we know
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us. Alleluia!

2 Jesus lives: henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal. Alleluia!

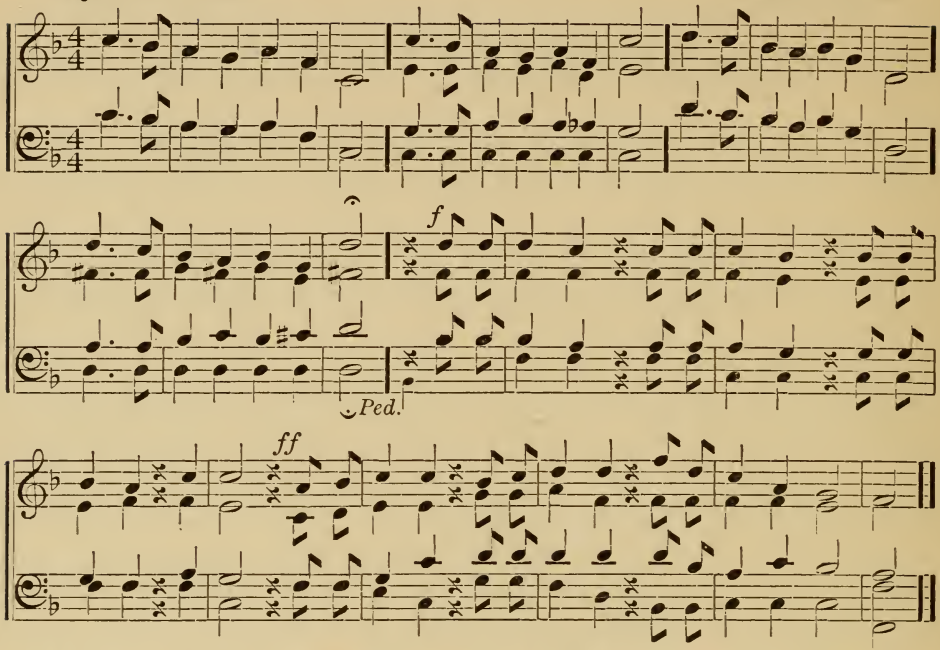
3 Jesus lives: for us He died:
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving. Alleluia!

4 Jesus lives: our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever. Alleluia!

5 Jesus lives: to Him the throne
Over all the world is given;
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven! Alleluia!

No. 13. Christ the Lord is Risen Again.

Hymn No. 106. 7s with Alleluia.



1 Christ the Lord is risen again,
Christ hath broken every chain;
Hark, angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high,
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Amen.

2 He, Who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;
We too sing for joy, and say,
Alleluia! etc.

3 He, Who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the Cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry:
Alleluia! etc.

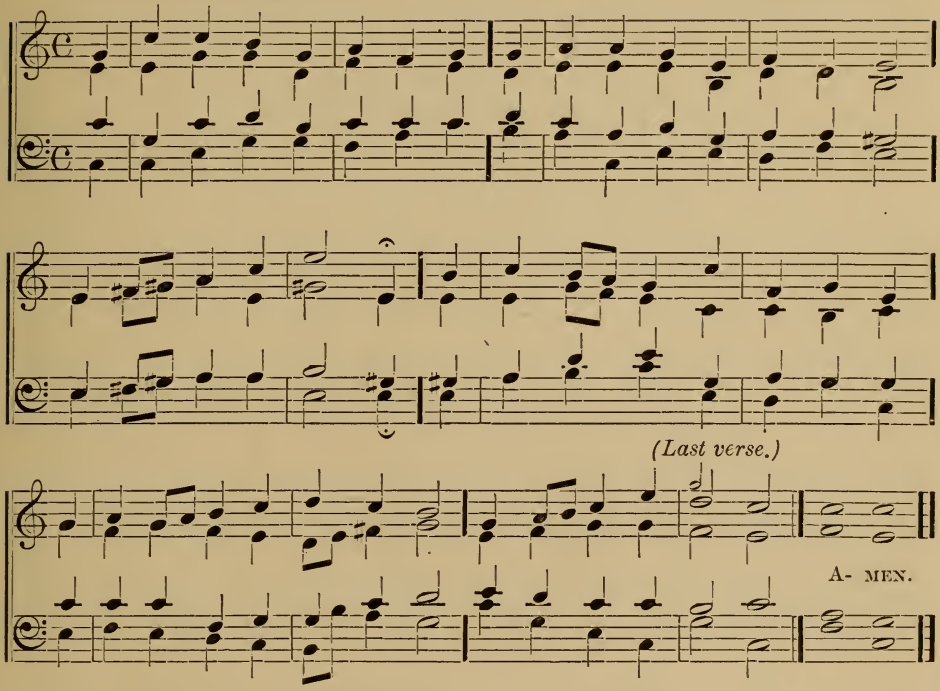
4 He, Who slumbered in the grave,
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings.
Alleluia! etc.

5 Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven.
Alleluia! etc.

6 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed:
Take our sins and guilt away,
Let us sing by night and day,
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Amen.

No. 14. To Him Who for Our Sins Was Slain.

Hymn No. 109. ♩ = 112. 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.



1 To Him who for our sins was slain,
To Him for all His dying pain,
Sing we Alleluia!
To Him the Lamb our Sacrifice,
Who gave His blood our ransom-price,
Sing we Alleluia!

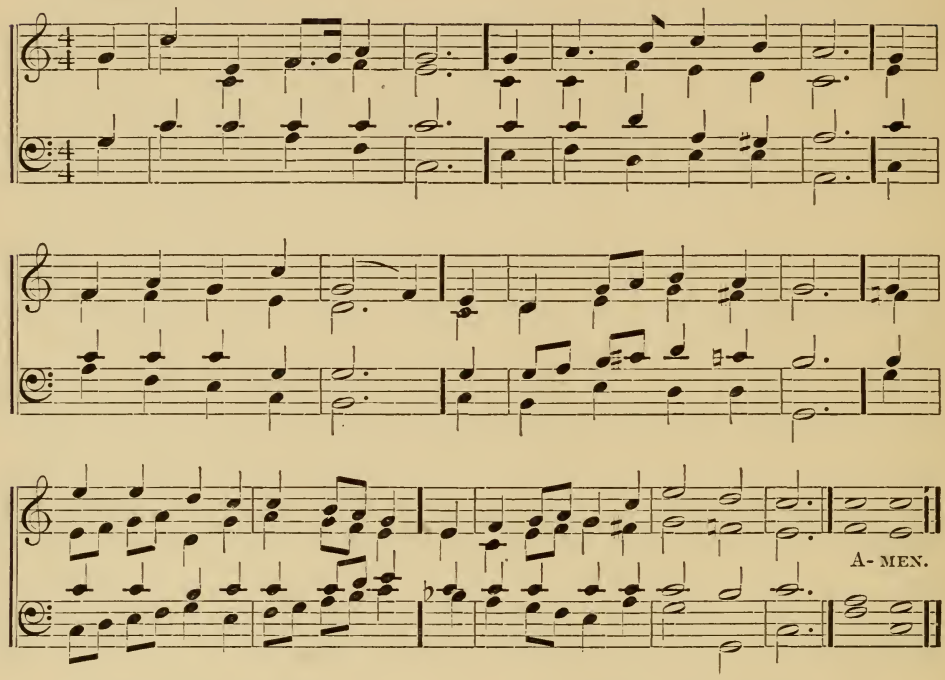
2 To Him who died that we might die
To sin, and live with Him on high,
Sing we Alleluia!
To Him who rose that we might rise,
And reign with Him beyond the skies,
Sing we Alleluia!

3 To Him who now for us doth plead,
And helpeth us in all our need,
Sing we Alleluia.
To Him who doth prepare on high
Our home in immortality,
Sing we Alleluia!

4 To Him be glory evermore:
Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore;
Sing we Alleluia!
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our God most great, our joy, our boast,
Sing we Alleluia! Amen.

No. 15. We Give Immortal Praise.

Hymn No. 143. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.



1 We give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And all our hopes above:
He sent His own Eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who saved us by His blood
From everlasting woe:
And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

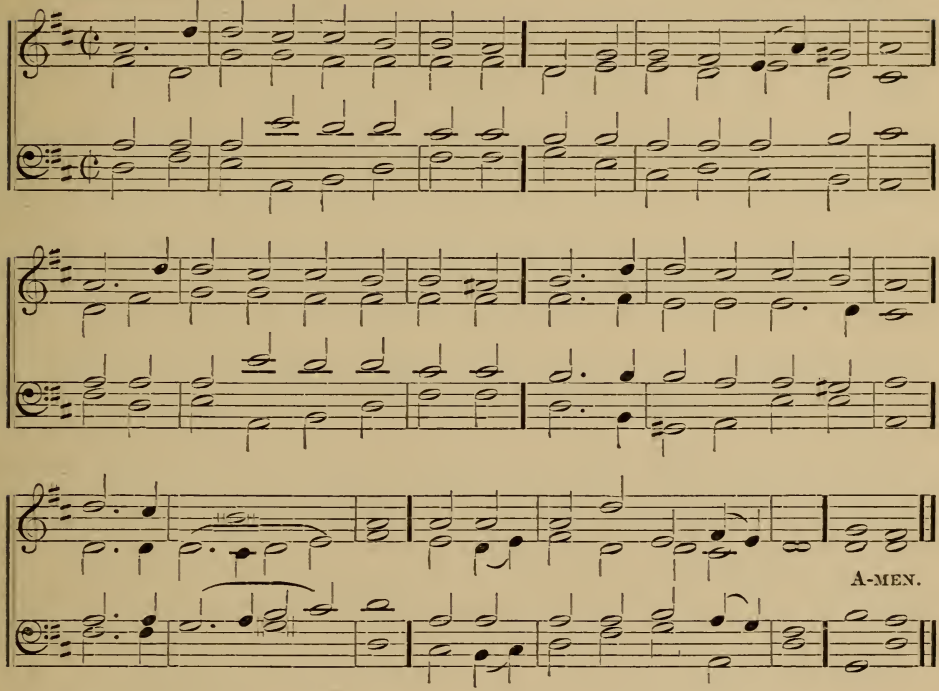
3 To God the Spirit, praise
And endless worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honors done;
The Sacred Persons Three,
The Godhead only one;
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

AMEN

No. 16. Holy Father, Great Creator.

Hymn No. 145. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.



1 Holy Father, great Creator,
Source of mercy, love, and peace,
Look upon the Mediator,
Clothe us with His righteousness;
Heavenly Father,
Through the Saviour hear and bless.

2 Holy Jesus, Lord of glory,
Whom angelic hosts proclaim,
While we hear Thy wondrous story,
Meet and worship in Thy name,
Dear Redeemer,
In our hearts Thy peace proclaim.

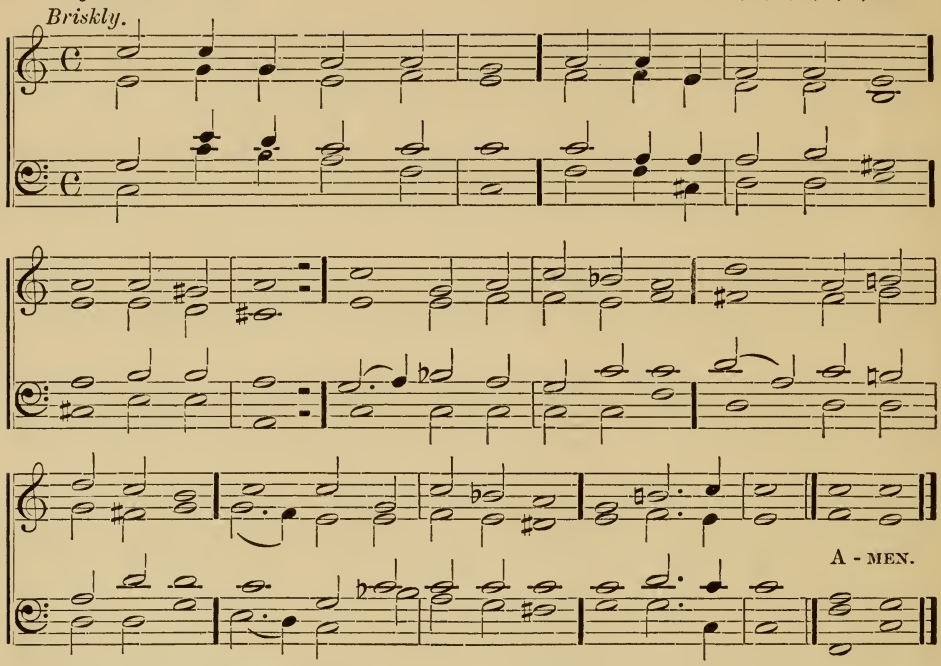
3 Holy Spirit, Sanctifier,
Come with unction from above,
Raise our hearts to raptures higher,
Fill them with the Saviour's love!
Source of comfort,
Cheer us with the Saviour's love.

4 God the Lord, through every nation
Let Thy wondrous mercies shine!
In the song of Thy salvation,
Every tongue and race combine!
Great Jehovah,
Form our hearts and make them Thine.

No. 17. Thou Whose Almighty Word.

Hymn No. 146. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

Briskly.



1 Thou, whose Almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And, where the Gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!

2 Thou, who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly-blind,
Oh, now to all mankind,
Let there be light!

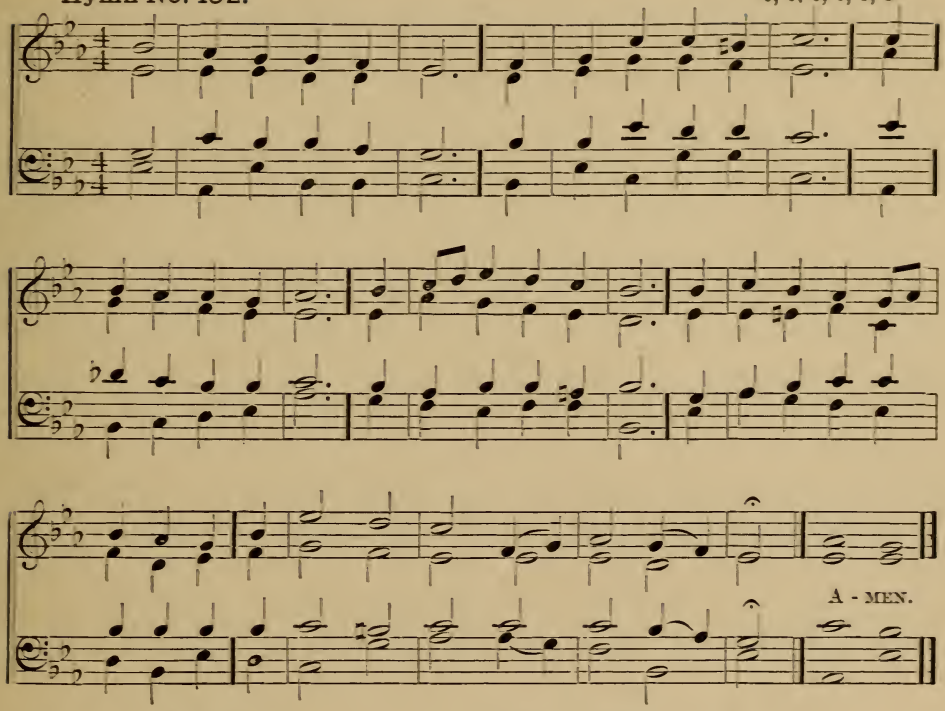
3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight!
Move on the water's face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And, in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

4 Holy and Blesséd Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might,
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light! AMEN.

No. 18. In Loud Exalted Strains.

Hymn No. 152.

6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.



1 In loud exalted strains,
The King of Glory praise;
O'er heaven and earth He reigns,
Through everlasting days;
But Sion, with His presence blest,
Is His delight, His chosen rest.

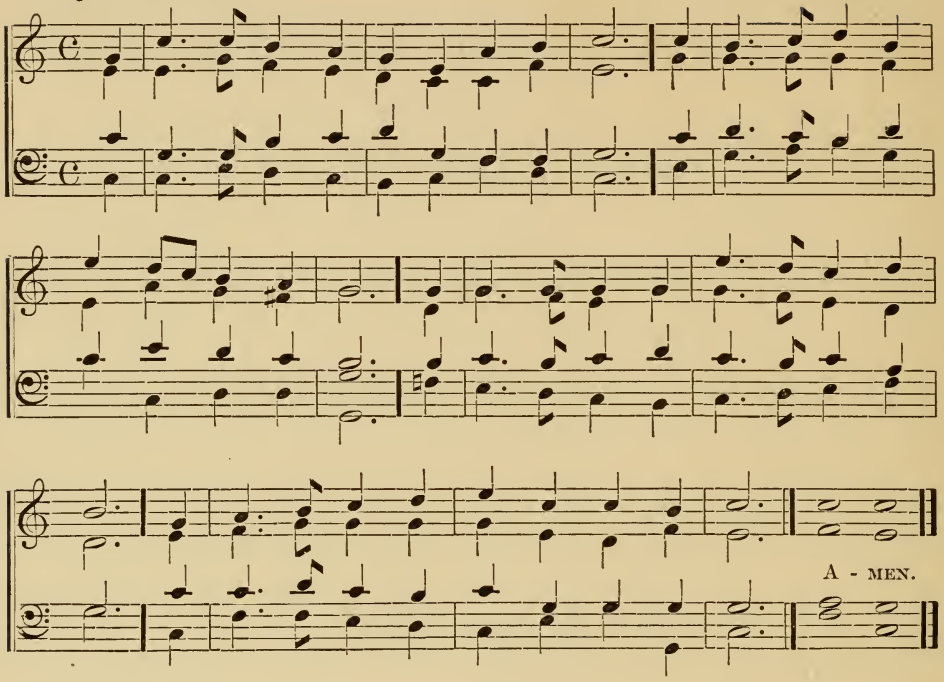
2 O King of Glory, come,
And with Thy favour crown
This temple as Thy home,
This people as Thy own;
Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show
How God can dwell with men below.

3 Now let Thine ear attend
Our supplicating cries;
Now let our praise ascend,
Accepted, to the skies;
Now let Thy Gospel's joyful sound
Spread its celestial influence round.

4 Here may the listening throng
Imbibe Thy truth and love;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above;
Till all who humbly seek Thy face
Rejoice in Thy abounding grace. AMEN.

No. 19. As Pants the Wearied Hart.

Hymn No. 155. 10s.



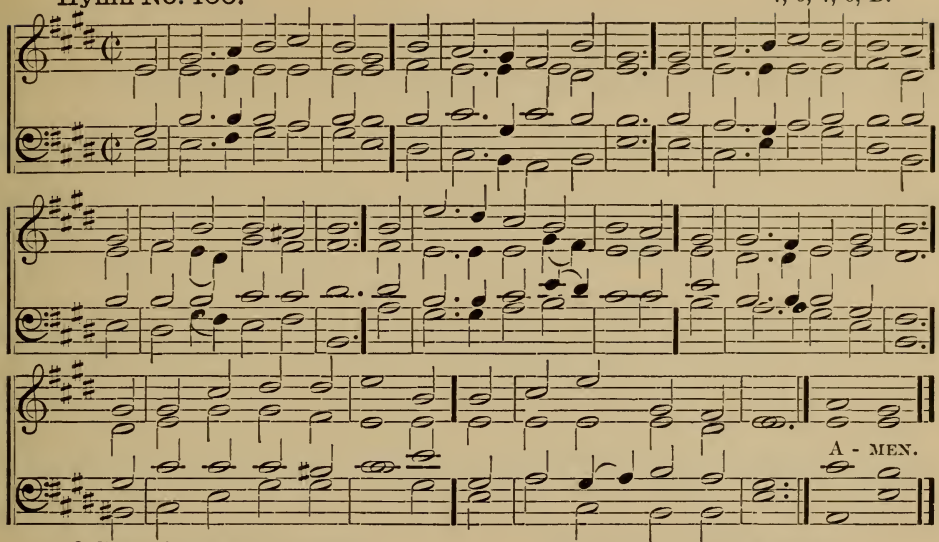
1 As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs,
That sinks exhausted in the summer's chase,
So pants my soul for Thee, great King of kings,
So thirsts to reach Thy sacred dwelling place.

2 Lord, Thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

3 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?
Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove;
Within His courts thy thanks shall yet be paid,
Unquestion'd be His faithfulness and love.

No. 20. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

Hymn No. 160. 7, 6, 7, 6, D.



1 O Day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, the high and lowly,
Through ages join'd in tune,
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the great God Triune.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven,
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

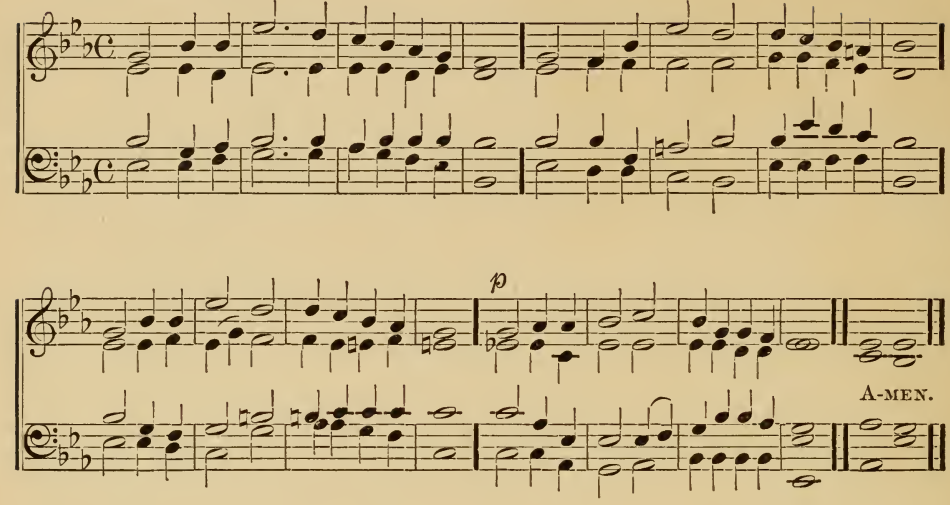
3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining,
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises
To Father, and to Son,
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, Blest Three in One. AMEN.

No. 21. · Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name.

Hymn No. 169. 10s.



1 Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

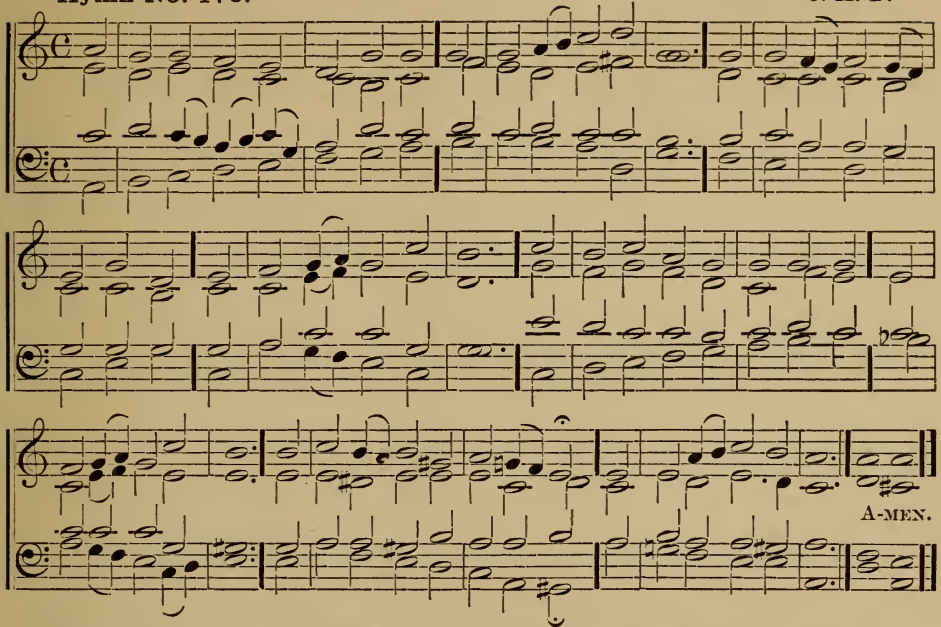
2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace. Amen.

No. 22. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

Hymn No. 176. C. M. D.



1 The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bear His cross below —
He follows in His train.

2 The martyr first whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save:
Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He pray'd for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in His train?

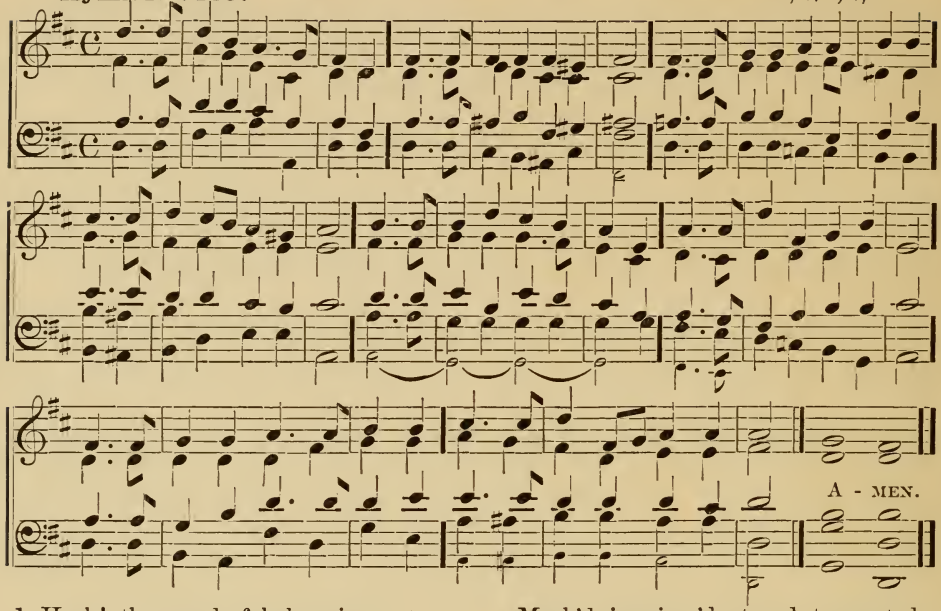
3 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mock'd the cross and flame:
They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bow'd their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light array'd:
They climb'd the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train! AMEN.

The first four lines of this tune may be sung in unison, or for this hymn use tune No. ~~34~~ 57

No. 23. Hark! the Sound of Holy Voices.

Hymn No. 189. 8, 7, 8, 7, D.



1 Hark! the sound of holy voices,
Chanting o'er the crystal sea,
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Alleluia, Lord to Thee;
Multitude, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stands,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hands.

2 Patriarch, and holy Prophet,
Who prepared the way of Christ,
King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor,
Martyr and Evangelist,
Saintly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert singing,
To the Lord of all, are there.

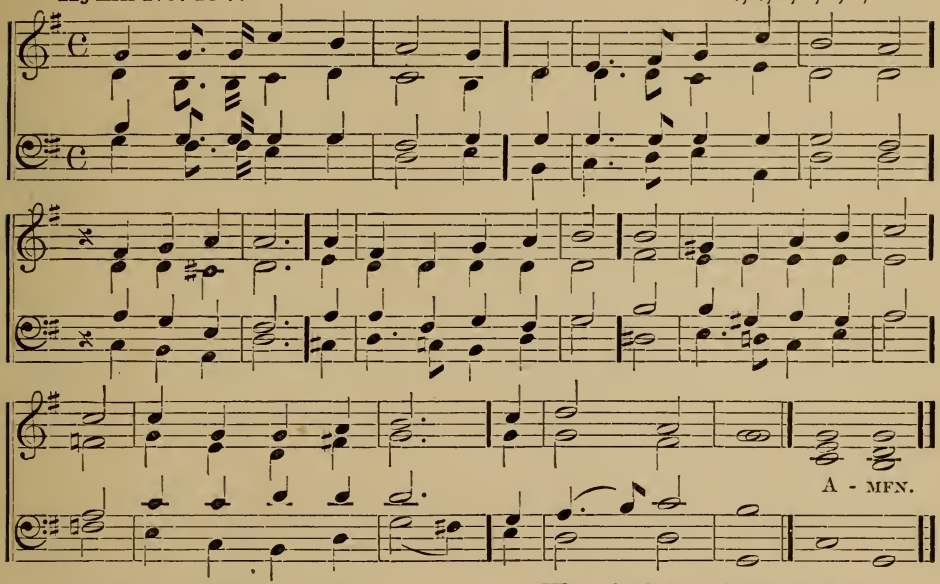
3 They have come from tribulation,
And have wash'd their robes in blood,
Wash'd them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood;
Mock'd, imprison'd, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquer'd death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

4 Marching with Thy cross their banner,
They have triumph'd, following
Thee, the Captain of Salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffer'd;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

5 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite;
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blesséd Trinity. Amen.

No. 24. Head of the Hosts in Glory.

Hymn No. 197. 7, 7, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.



1 Head of the Hosts in glory!
We joyfully adore Thee,
Thy Church below;
Blending with those on high —
Where through the azure sky
Thy saints in ecstasy
For ever glow.

2 Angels! archangels! glorious
Guards of the Church victorious!
Worship the Lamb!
Crown Him with crowns of light,
One of the Three by right —
Love, Majesty and Might,
The great I Am.

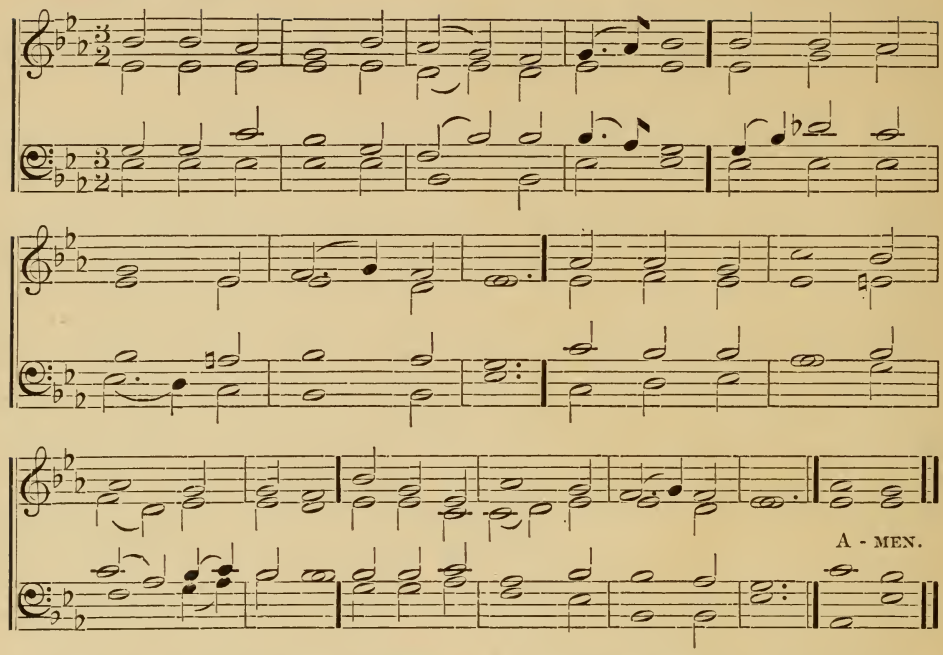
3 Martyrs! whose mystic legions
March o'er yon heavenly regions
In triumph round:
Wave high your banners, wave!
Your God, our Saviour, clave
For death itself a grave,
In hell profound!

4 Saints! in fair circles, casting
Rich trophies everlasting
At Jesus' feet;
Amidst our rude alarms,
We stretch forth suppliants arms,
That we, too, safe from harms,
In heaven may meet!

5 Saviour! in glory beaming,
With radiance brightly streaming,
Enthroned in power,
Grant, by Thy awful Name,
That we through flood and flame
The Gospel may proclaim,
Till life's last hour. AMEN.

No. 25. Bread of the World.

Hymn No. 207. 9, 8, 9, 8.

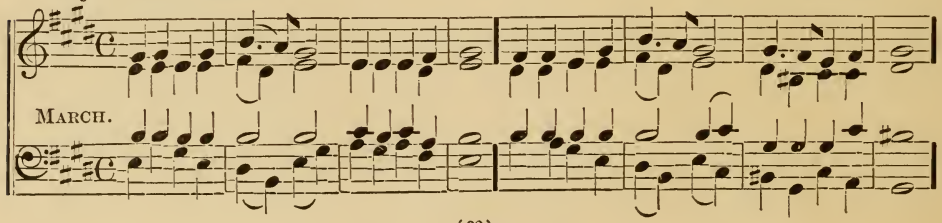


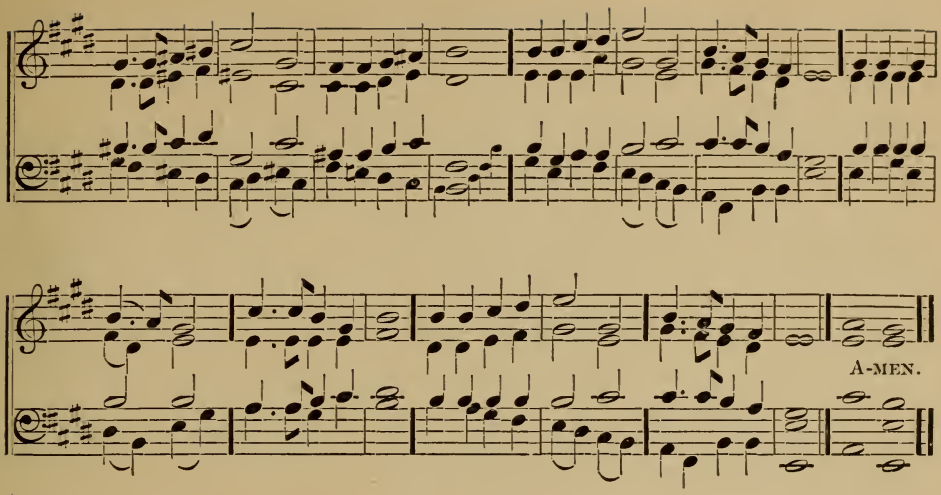
1 Bread of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By Whom the words of life were spoken,
And in Whose death our sins are dead.

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us the token,
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.
AMEN.

No. 26. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Hymn No. 232. 6, 5, 6, 5, D.





1 Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

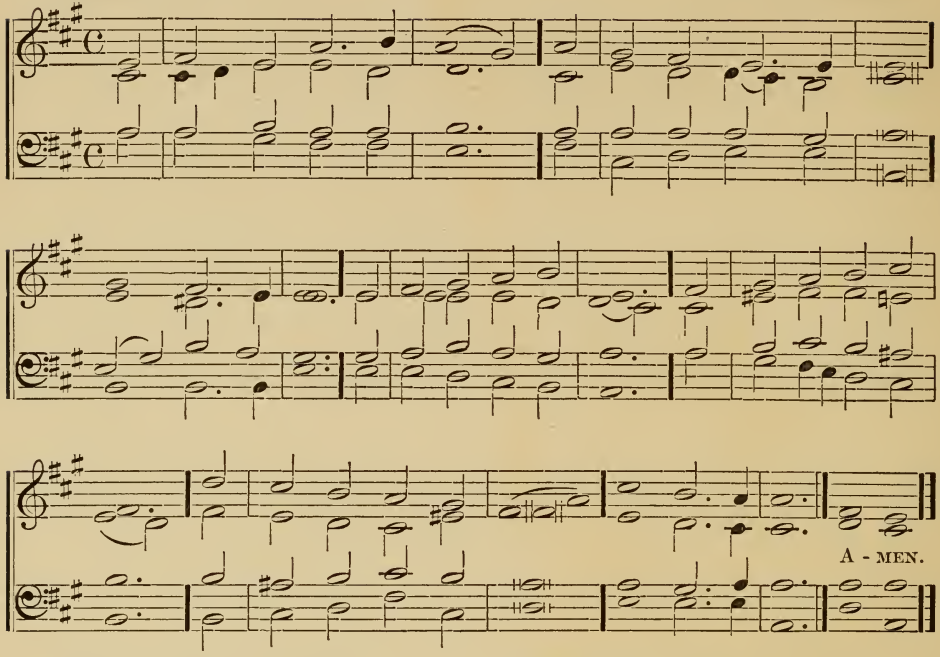
3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

5 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
Thus through countless ages
Men and angels sing. AMEN.

No. 27. My Faith Looks up to Thee.

Hymn No. 237. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.



1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou, Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire:
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

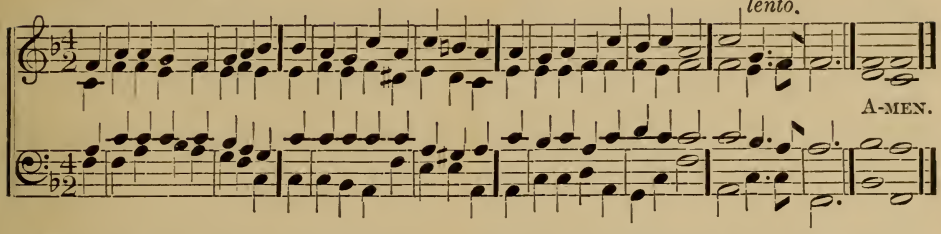
3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransom'd soul. Amen.

No. 28. My God, My Father, While I Stray.

(FIRST TUNE.)

Hymn No. 256. 8, 8, 8, 4.



1 My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done."

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done."

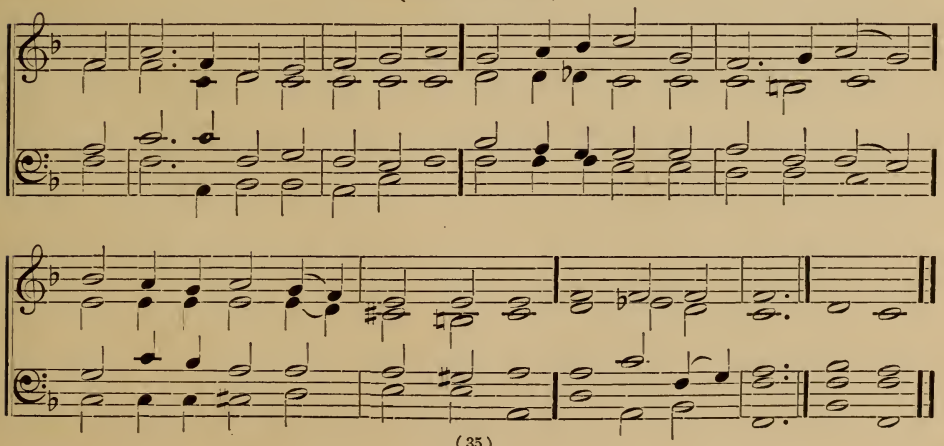
3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh,
Submissive would I still reply,
"Thy will be done."

4 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine.
"Thy will be done."

5 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done."

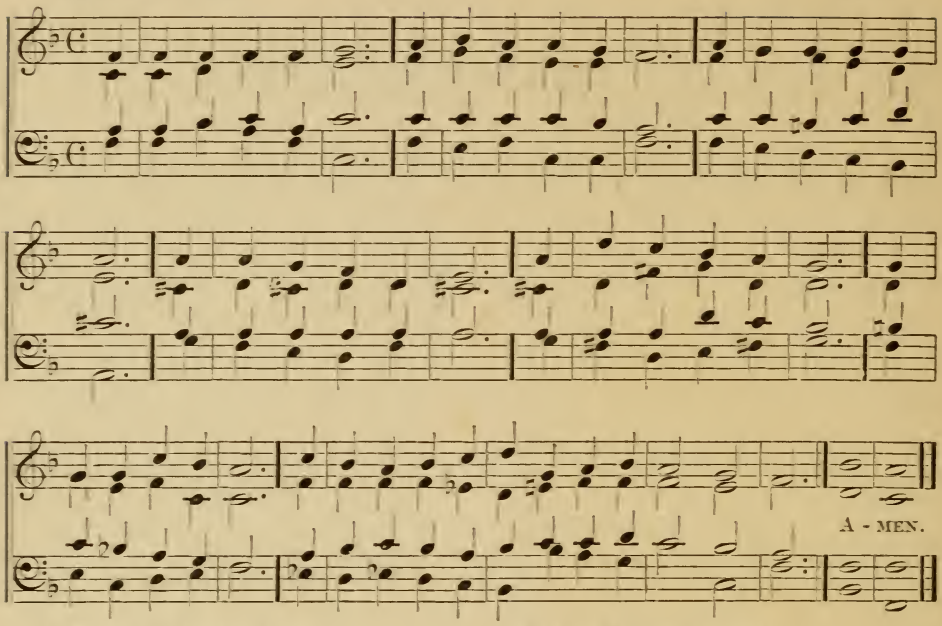
6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine and take away
All that now makes it hard to say;
"Thy will be done." AMEN.

(SECOND TUNE.)



No. 29. There Is a Blessed Home.

Hymn No. 317. 6s, D.



1 There is a blesséd home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

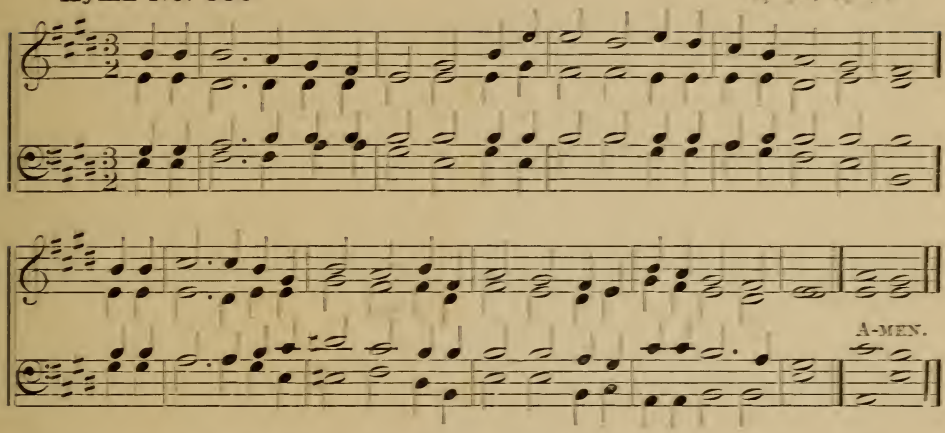
2 There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
And Spirit, evermore.

3 O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands and feet and side;
To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above. AMEN.

No. 30. Come, my Soul, Thou must be Waking.

Hymn No. 330. 8, 4, 7, 8, 4, 7.



1 Come, my soul, thou must be waking,
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day;
Come to Him who made this splendor,
See thou render
All thy feeble strength can pay.

2 Gladly hail the sun returning;
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers:
For the night is safely ended;
God hath tended
With His care thy helpless hours.

3 Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavor,
When thine aim is good and true;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

4 Think that He thy ways beholdeth
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
He the hidden shame glossed over
Can discover
And discern each deed of sin.

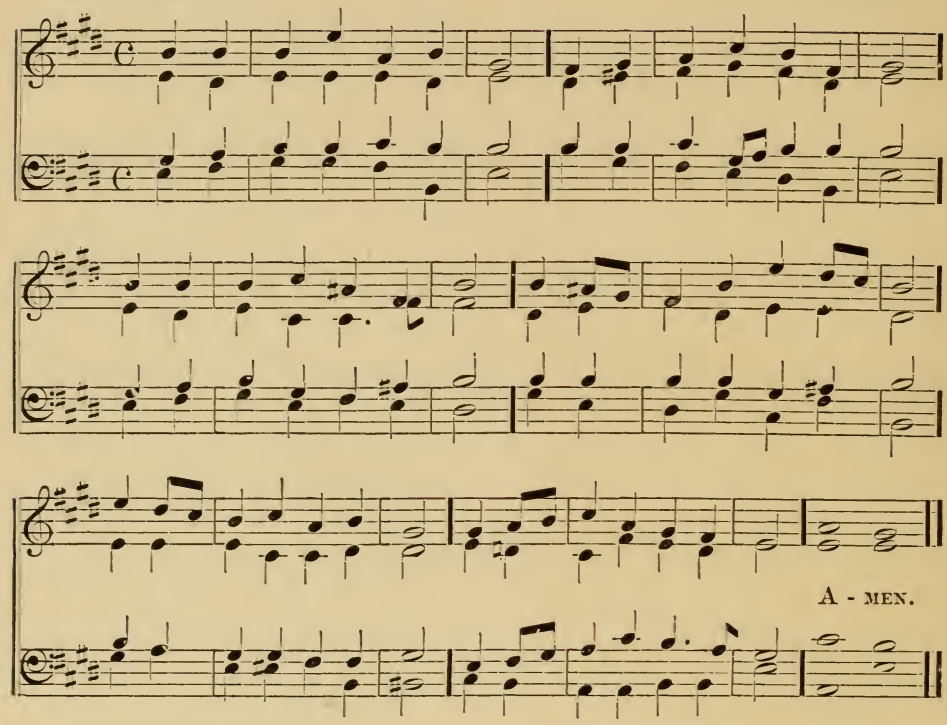
5 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.

6 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day.

7 Glory, honor, exaltation,
Adoration,
Be to the eternal One;
To the Father, Son, and Spirit
Laud and merit,
While unending ages run. AMEN.

No. 31. Christ, Whose Glory Fills the Skies.

Hymn No. 331. Six 7s.



1

Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
  Christ, the true, the only Light!
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
  Triumph o'er the shades of night!
Day-spring from on high, be near:
Day-star in my heart appear!

2

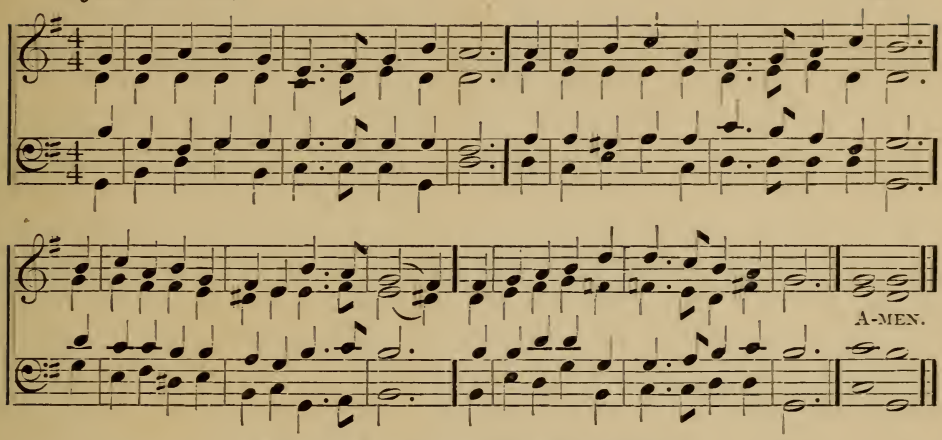
Dark and cheerless is the morn
  Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return
  Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3

Visit then this soul of mine,
  Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy divine,
  Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

No. 32. Abide with Me, fast falls the Eventide.

Hymn No. 335. 10s.



1 Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

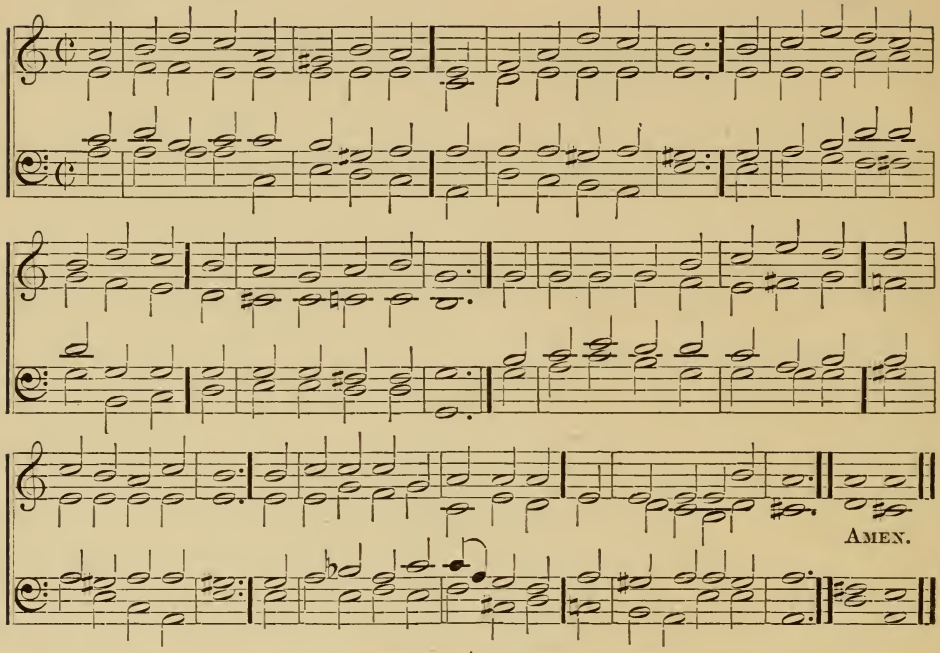
3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

4 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness,
Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord abide with me. AMEN.

No. 33. The Shadows of the Evening Hours.

Hymn No. 337. C. M. D.



1 The shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky,
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie;

2 Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day;
Look on Thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

3 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
O do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise;

4 The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.

5 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart;

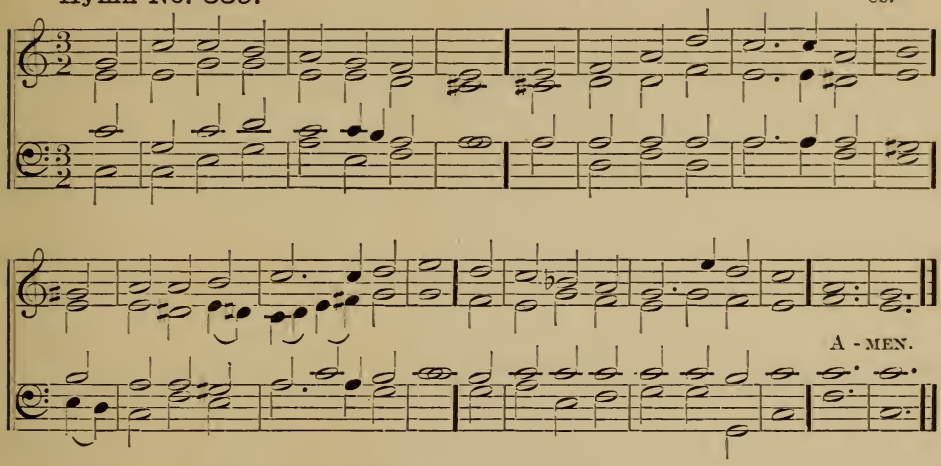
6 Slowly the bright stars, one by one;
Within the heavens shine:—
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

7 Let peace, O Lord! Thy peace, O God!
Upon our souls descend,
From midnight fears and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend:

8 Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
O give us now repose!

No. 34. Inspirer and Hearer of Prayer.

Hymn No. 339. 8s.



1 Inspirer and Hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of thine,
My all to Thy covenant care,
I, sleeping or waking, resign.

2 If Thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And, fast as my minutes roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

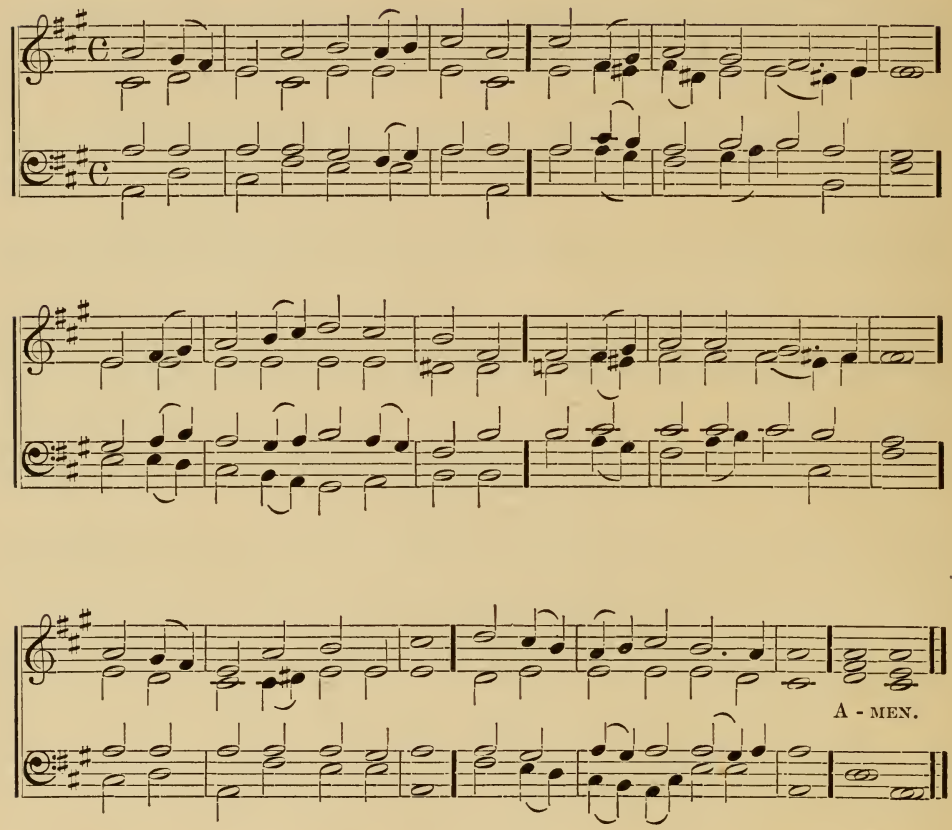
3 A sovereign protector I have,
Unseen, yet forever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

4 His smiles and His comforts abound,
His grace, as the dew shall descend;
And walls of salvation surround
The soul He delights to defend.

5 All praise to the Father, the Son,
And Spirit, thrice holy and bless'd,
Th' eternal, supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and shall be address'd. AMEN.

No. 35. Through the Day Thy Love has Spared Us.

Hymn No. 342. 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.

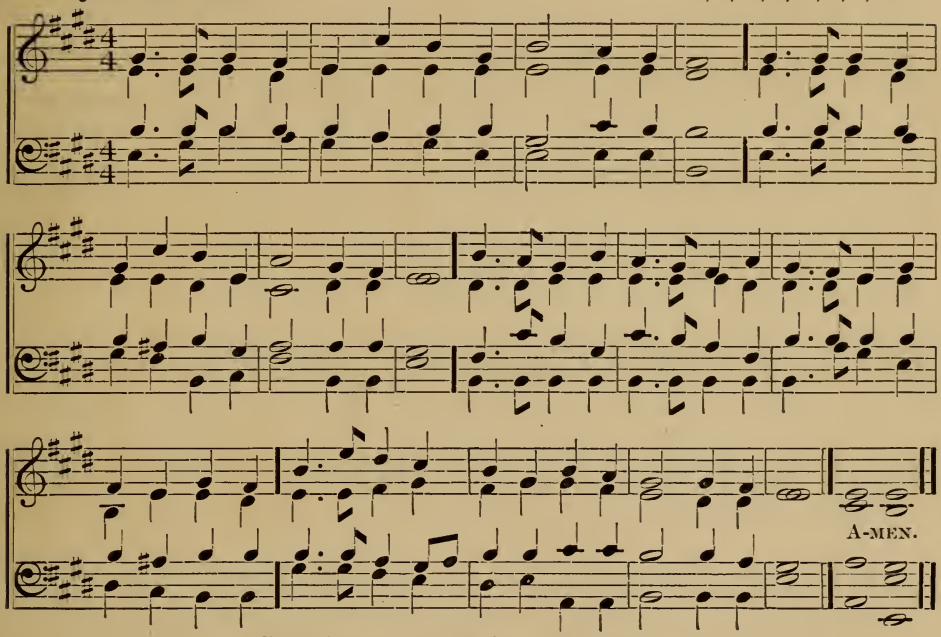


1 Thro' the day Thy love has spared us,
Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest;
Jesu, Thou our Guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In Thine arms may we repose,
And, when life's sad day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.
AMEN.

No. 36. God that Madest Earth and Heaven.

Hymn No. 344. 8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 8, 8, 4.

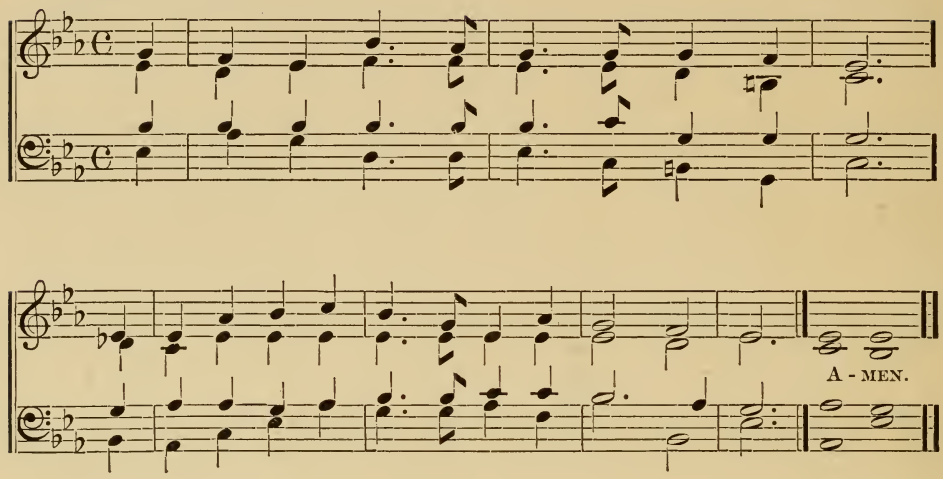


1 God, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night:
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread trump shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our Lord, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high. Amen.

No. 37. The Sun is Sinking Fast.

Hymn No. 345. 6, 4, 6, 6.



1 The sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

2 As Christ upon the cross
His Head inclined,
And to His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned;

3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In Whom all spirits live;

4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast;

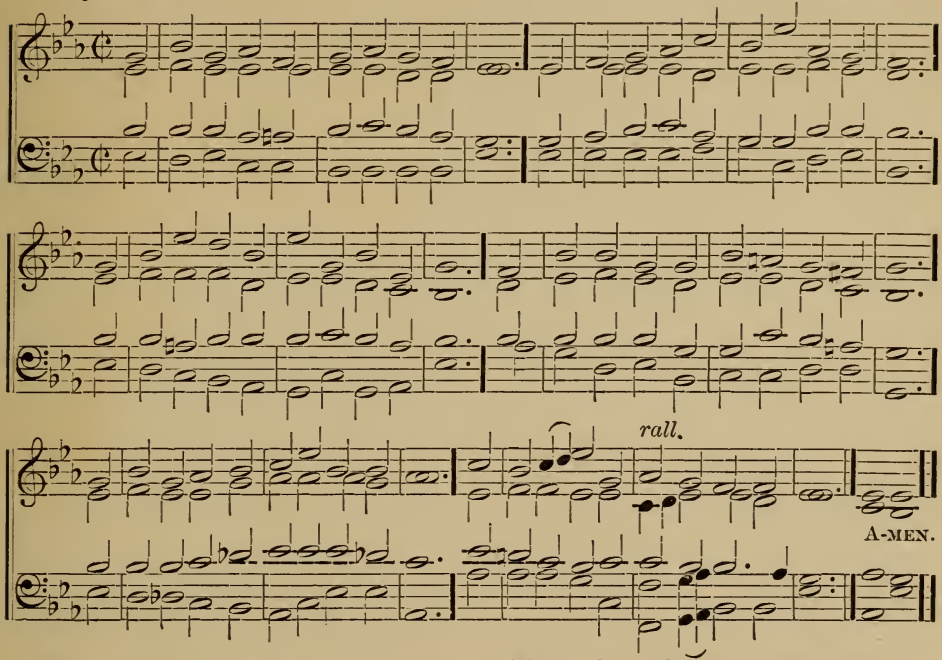
5 Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

6 Thus would I live, yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

7 One Sacred Trinity!
One Lord Divine!
May I be ever His,
And He forever mine. AMEN.

No. 38. The Day is Gently Sinking to a Close.

Hymn No. 349. Six 10s.



1 The day is gently sinking to a close,
Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows:
O brightness of Thy Father's glory, Thou
Eternal Light of light, be with us now:
Where Thou art present darkness cannot be:
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee.

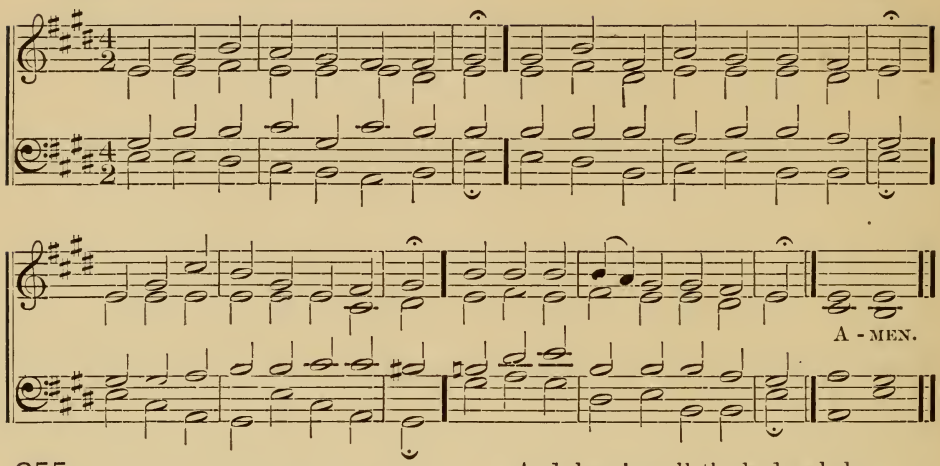
2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,
Onward to darkness and to death we tend:
O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our guide,
Be Thou our light in death's dark eventide;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

3 Thou, who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succours fail:
When all is dark may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear Thy voice—"Fear not for it is I."

4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset when the stars shall fall,
May we arise awaken'd by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.
Amen.

No. 39. Come, Holy Ghost, with God the Son.

Hymns Nos. 355, 356, 357. L. M.



355.

1 Come, Holy Ghost, with God the Son,
And God the Father, ever One;
Shed forth Thy grace within our breast,
And dwell with us, a ready guest.

2 By every power, by heart and tongue,
By act and deed, Thy praise be sung;
Inflame with perfect love each sense,
That others' souls may kindle thence.

3 O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally.

356.

1 O God of truth, O Lord of might,
Who, ordering time and change aright,
Sendest the early morning ray,
Kindling the glow of perfect day;

2 Extinguish Thou, each sinful fire,
And banish every ill desire;
And, keeping all the body whole,
Shed forth Thy peace upon the soul.

3 O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally.

357.

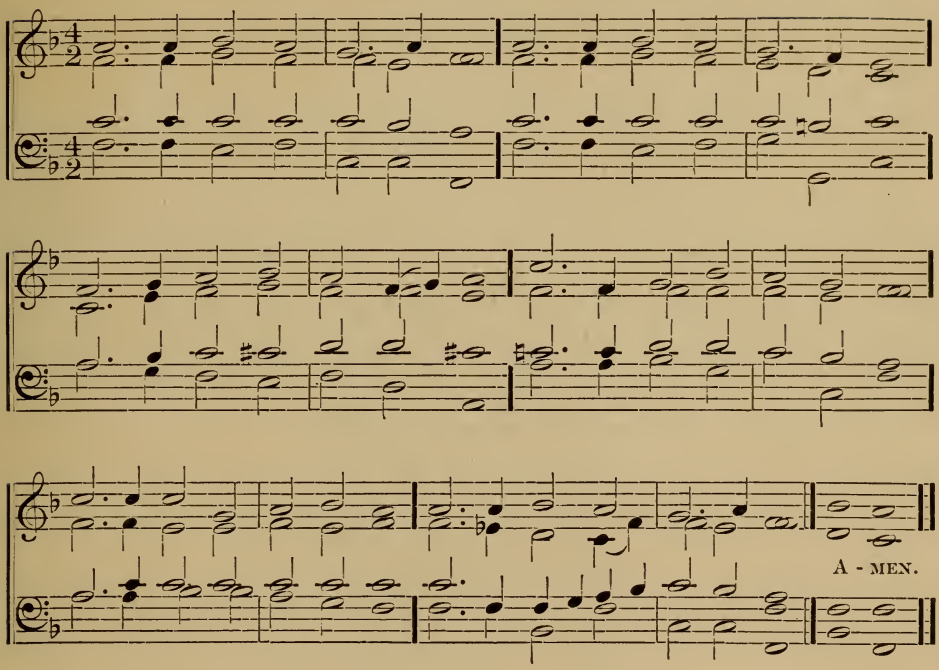
1 O God! creation's secret force,
Thyself unmoved, all motion's source,
Who, from the morn till evening's ray,
Through all its changes guid'st the day;

2 Grant us, when this short life is past,
The glorious evening that shall last;
That, by a holy death attained,
Eternal glory may be gained.

3 O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally.

No. 40. Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me.

Hymn No. 391, *and (old Prayer Book Version) Hymn No.* 531.



1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

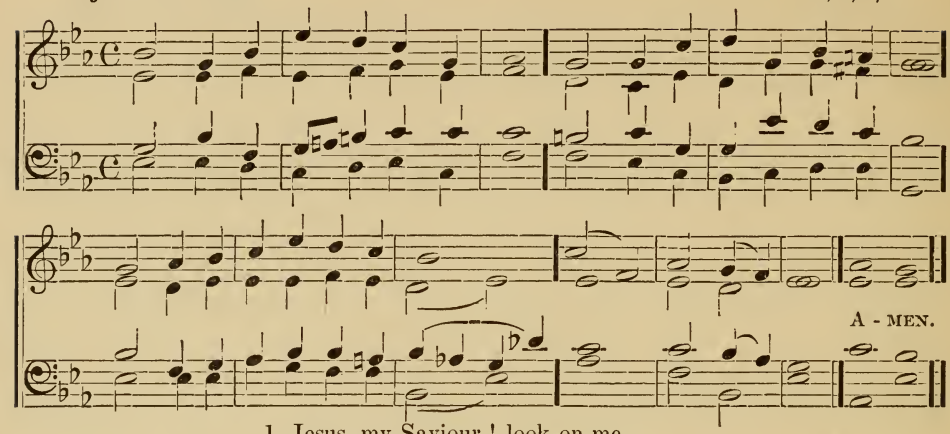
2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee, for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. AMEN.

No. 41. Jesus, my Saviour! Look on Me.

Hymn No. 394. 8, 8, 8, 4.



1 Jesus, my Saviour! look on me,
For I am weary and opprest;
I come to cast myself on Thee:
Thou art my Rest.

2 Look down on me, for I am weak,
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:
Thou art my Strength.

3 I am bewilder'd on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
O send Thou forth some cheering ray:
Thou art my my Light.

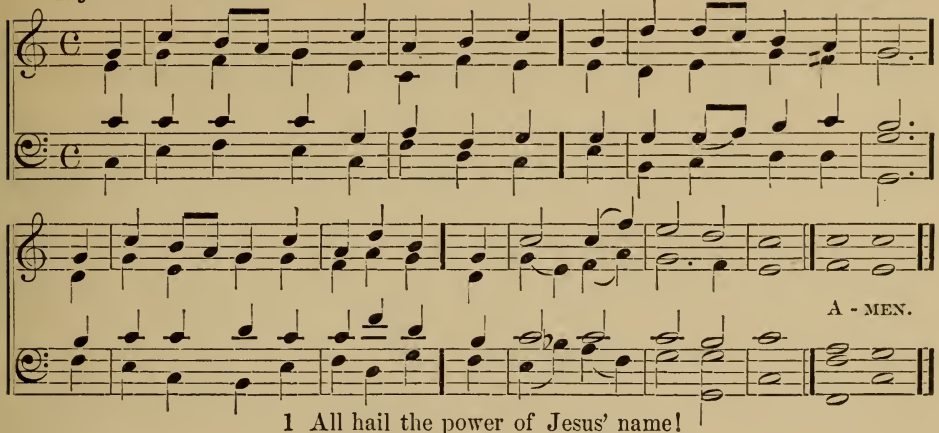
4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to Thee; my terrors cease;
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts:
Thou art my Peace.

5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
Thou art my Life.

6 Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All. Amen.

No. 42. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Hymn No. 424. C. M.



1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Hail Him, the Heir of David's line,
Whom David, Lord, did call;
The God incarnate! Man divine!
And crown Him Lord of all.

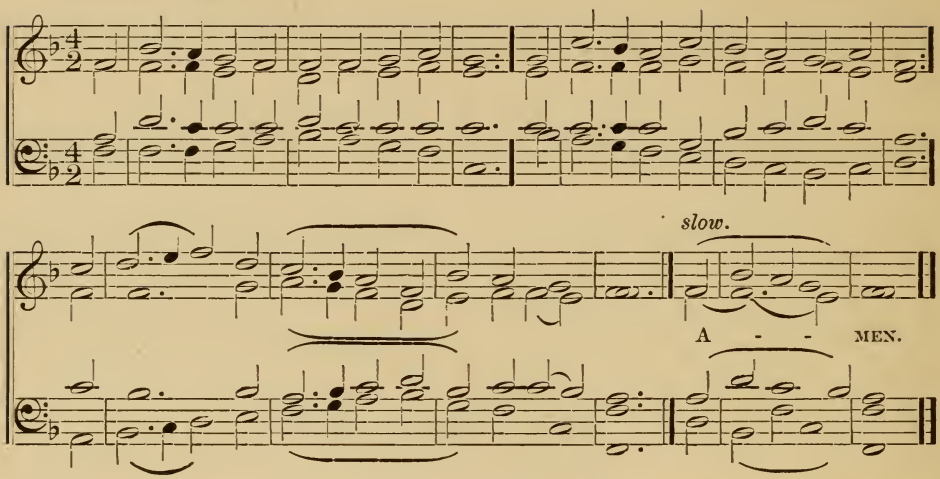
4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all. AMEN.

No. 43. Sing Alleluia forth in Duteous Praise.

Hymn No. 432. 10, 10, 7.



1 Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise,
O citizens of heaven, and sweetly raise
An endless Alleluia.

2 Ye next, who stand before the Eternal Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Alleluia.

3 The holy city shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake again
An endless Alleluia.

4 In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice,
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Alleluia.

5 Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
Victorious ones your chant shall still be this,
An endles Alleluia. [ring

6 There, in one grand acclaim, for ever
The strains which tell the honor of your King.
An endless Alleluia. [back,

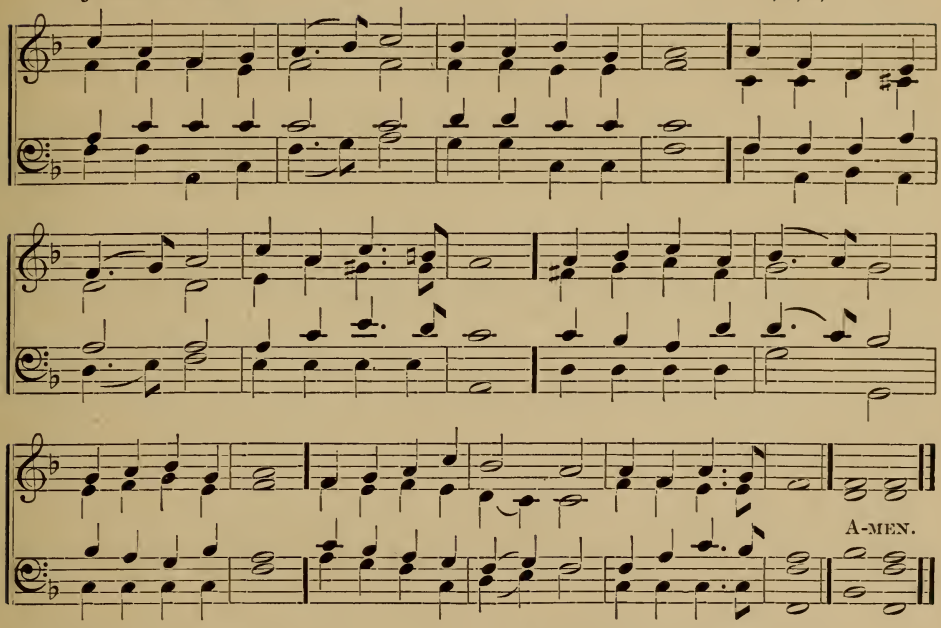
7 This is the rest for weary ones brought
This is the food and drink which none shall lack,
An endless Alleluia.

8 While Thee, by whom were all things made, we praise
Forever, and tell out in sweetest lays
An endless Alleluia.

9 Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring
An endless Alleluia. AMEN.

No. 44. In the Hour of Trial.

Hymn No. 443. 6, 5, 6, 5. D.



1 In the hour of trial,
Jesus, plead for me me;
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee;
When Thou seest me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favor
Suffer me to fall.

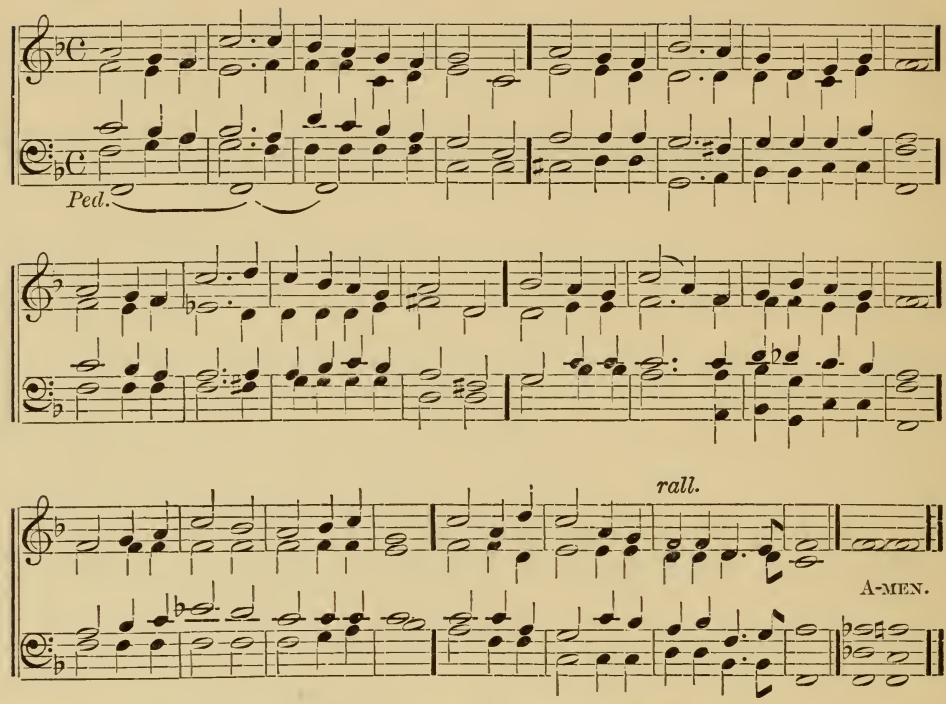
2 With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm;
Or, its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm:
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below;
Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me, dying,
To eternal life. AMEN.

No. 45. Hark! Hark, my Soul.

Hymn No. 485. FIRST TUNE. 11, 10, 11, 10, 9, 11.

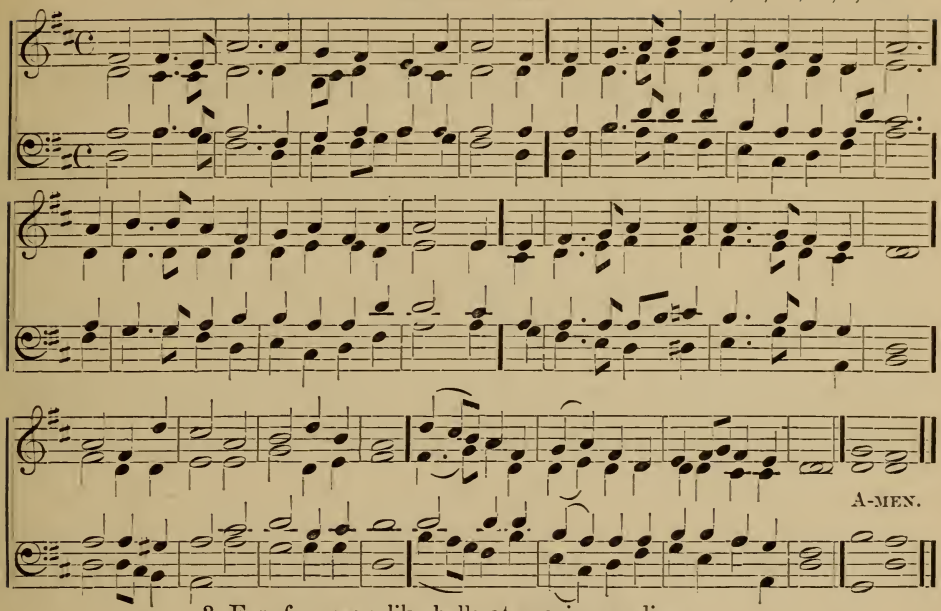


1 Hark! hark, my soul; Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come:"
And, through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

No. 46.

SECOND TUNE. 11, 10, 11, 10, 9, 11.



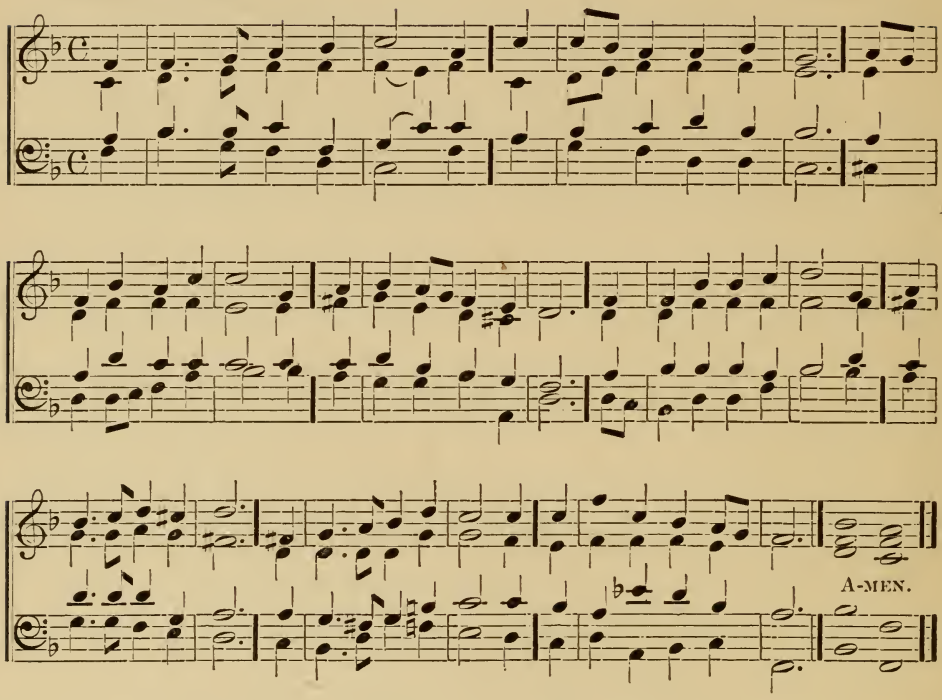
3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past:
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night. AMEN.

No. 47. For Thee, O Dear, Dear Country.

Hymn No. 492. 7, 6, 7, 6, D.



1 For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

2 O one, O only mansion;
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
The Lamb is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

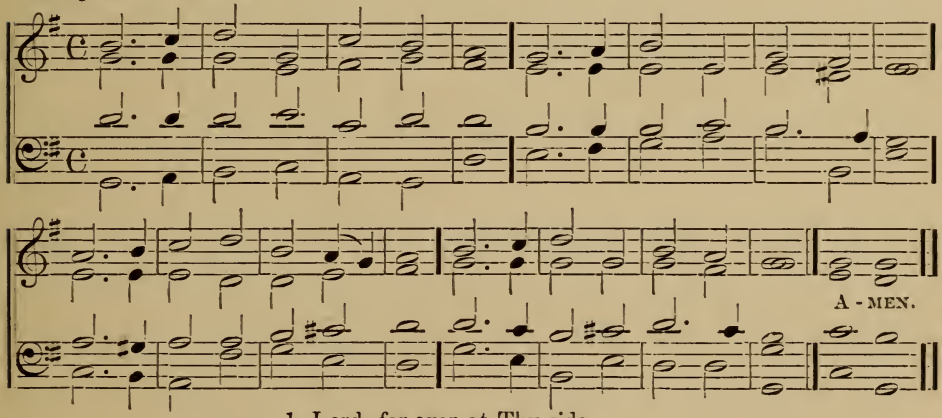
3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

5 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

No. 48. Lord, Forever at Thy Side.

Hymn No. 466. 7s.



1 Lord, for ever at Thy side
Let my place and portion be;
Strip mē of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility.

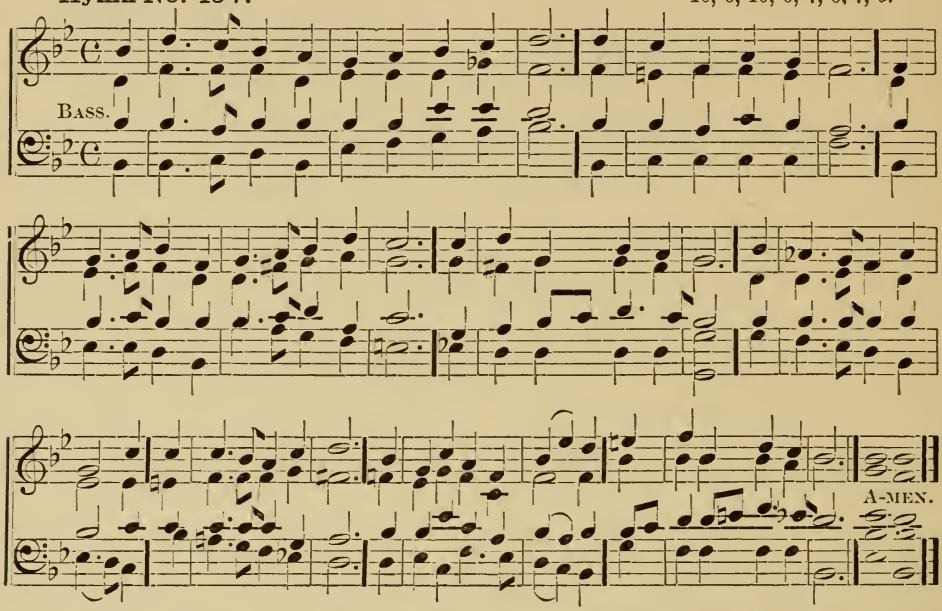
2 Meekly may my soul receive
All Thy Spirit hath reveal'd;
Thou hast spoken — I believe,
Though the oracle be seal'd.

3 Humble as a little child,
Weanéd from the mother's breast,
By no subtleties beguiled,
On Thy faithful word I rest.

4 Israel! now and evermore
In the Lord Jehovah trust;
Him, in all His ways adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

No. 49. Jerusalem! High tower Thy Glorious Walls.

Hymn No. 497. 10, 6, 10, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.



1 Jerusalem! high tower thy glorious walls;
Would God I were with thee!
Desire of thee my longing heart enthralls,
Desire at home to be:
Wide from the world outleaping,
O'er hill and vale and plain,
My soul's strong wing is sweeping,
Thy portals to attain.

2 O gladsome day and yet more gladsome hour!
When shall that hour have come,
When my rejoicing soul its own free power
May use in going home?
Itself to Jesus giving,
In trust to His own hand,
To dwell among the living,
In that blest Fatherland.

3 A moment's time, the twinkling of an eye,
Shall be enough to soar,
In buoyant exultation, through the sky,
And reach the heavenly shore.
Elijah's chariot bringing
The homeward traveller there,
Glad troops of angels winging,
It onward through the air.

4 Great fastness thou of honor! Thee I greet!
Throw wide thy gracious gate, [fect;
An entrance free to give these longing
At last released, though late,
From wretchedness and sinning,
And life's long weary way;
And now, of God's gift, winning
Eternity's bright day.

5 What throng is this, what noble troop, that pours,
Arrayed in beauteous guise, [doors,
Out through the glorious city's open
To greet my wondering eyes?
The hosts of Christ's elected,
The jewels that he bears
In his own crown, selected
To wipe away my tears.

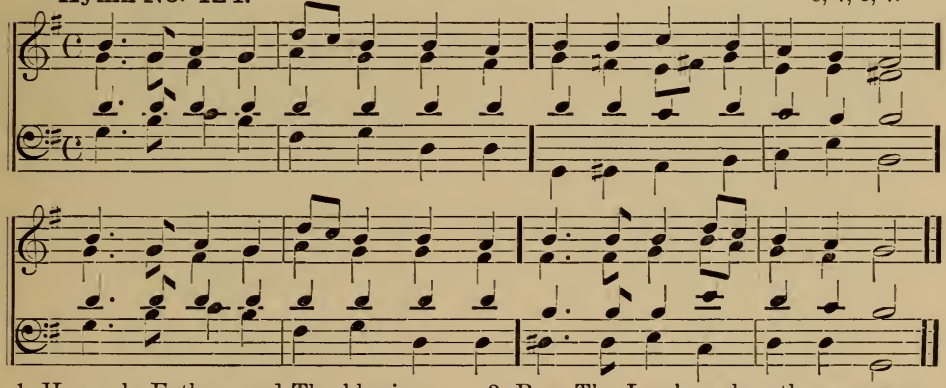
6 Of prophets great, and patriarch's high, a band
That once has borne the cross,
With all the company that won that land,
By counting gain for loss,
Now float in freedom's lightness,
From tyrant's chains set free;
And shine like suns in brightness,
Arrayed to welcome me.

7 One more at last arrived they welcome there,
To beauteous Paradise, [bear,
Where sense can scarce its full fruition
Or tongue for praise suffice;
Glad alleluias ringing,
With rapturous rebound,
And rich hosannas singing
Eternity's long round.

8 Unnumber'd choirs before the Lamb's high throne
There shout the jubilee, [tone,
With loud resounding peal and sweeter
In blissful ecstacy;
A hundred thousand voices,
Take up the wondrous song,
Eternity rejoices
God's praises to prolong. AMEN.

No. 50. Heavenly Father, send Thy Blessing.

Hymn No. 424. 8, 7, 8, 7.



1 Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing
On Thy children gathered here;
May they all Thy name confessing,
Be to Thee for ever dear.

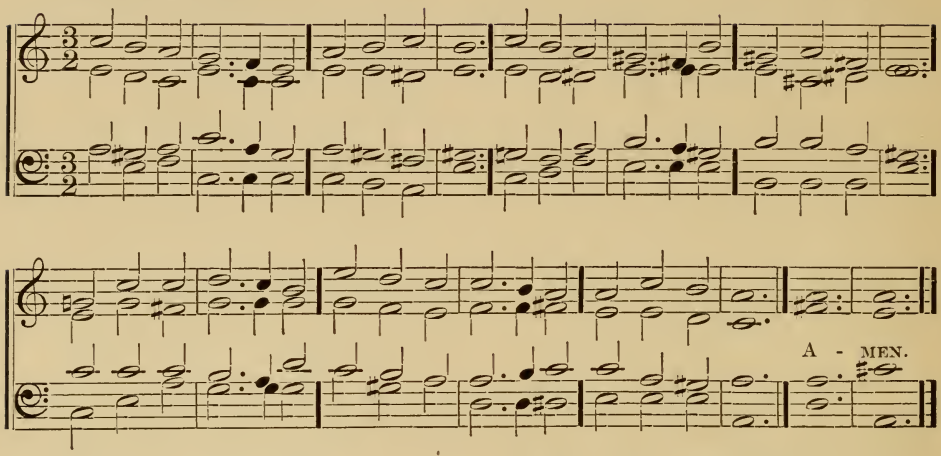
2 Holy Saviour, who in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a child to be,
Guide their steps, and help their weakness,
Bless and make them like to Thee.

3 Bear Thy Lambs, when they are weary,
In Thine arms, and at Thy breast;
Through life's desert, dry and dreary,
Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.

4 Thy true temples, Holy Spirit,
May they with Thy glory shine,
And immortal bliss inherit,
And for evermore be Thine. AMEN.

No. 51. Nearer, my God, to Thee.

Hymn No. 507. 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4.



1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
Weary and lone,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

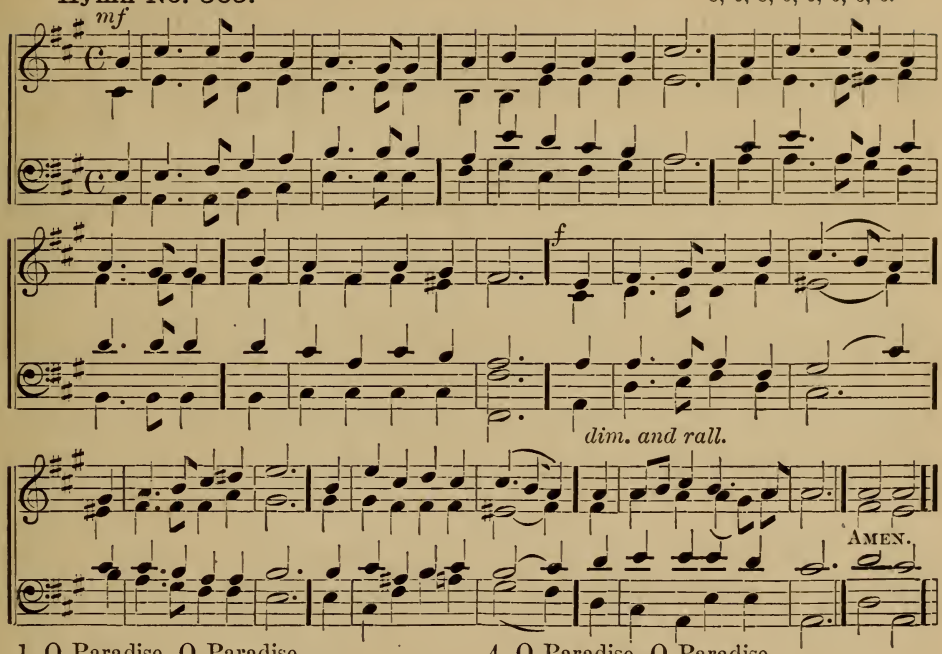
3 There let my way appear
Steps unto Heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Altars I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee! AMEN.

No. 52. O Paradise, O Paradise.

Hymn No. 509. 8, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6.



1 O Paradise, O Paradise,
Who doth not care for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land,
Where they that loved are blest?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
'T is weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

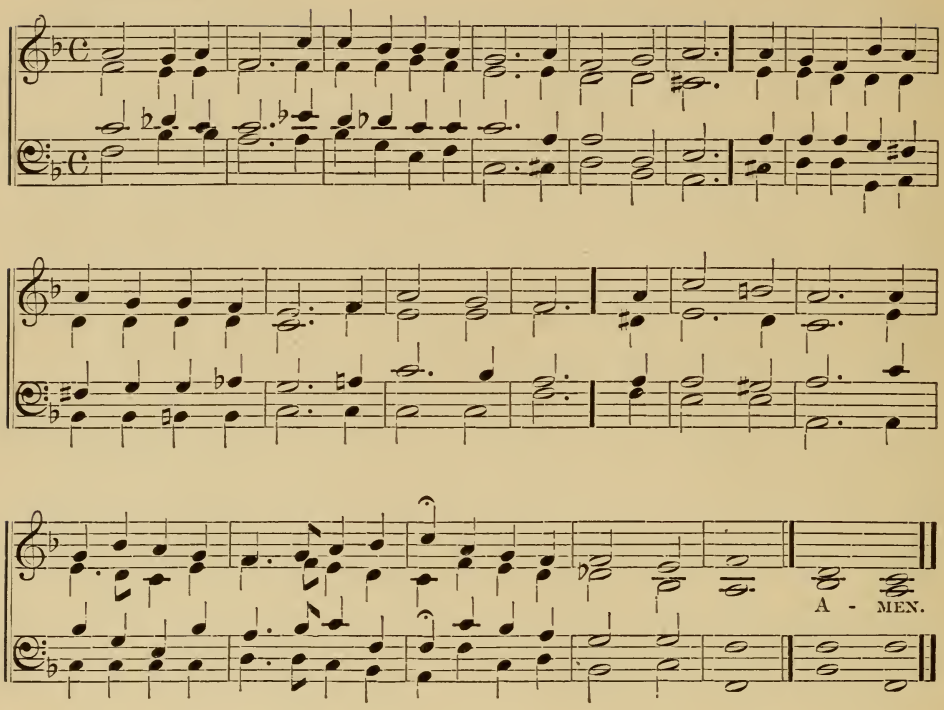
4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As spotless as the shore;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

5 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

6 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight. Amen.

No. 53. Lead, Kindly Light.

Hymn No. 511. 10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10.



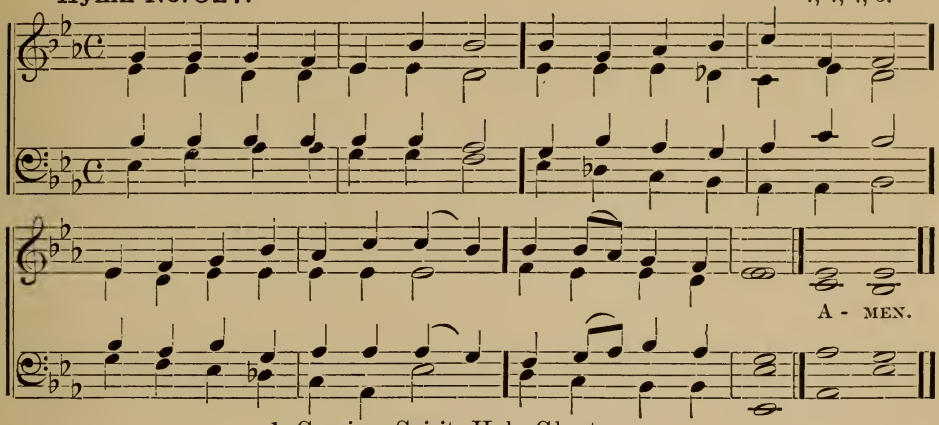
1 Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldest lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day; and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O 'er moor and fen, o 'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile. AMEN.

No. 54. Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost.

Hymn No. 527. 7, 7, 7, 5.



1 Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee we covet most
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost
Holy, heavenly Love.

2 Love is kind and suffers long;
Love is weak and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore give us Love.

3 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore give us love.

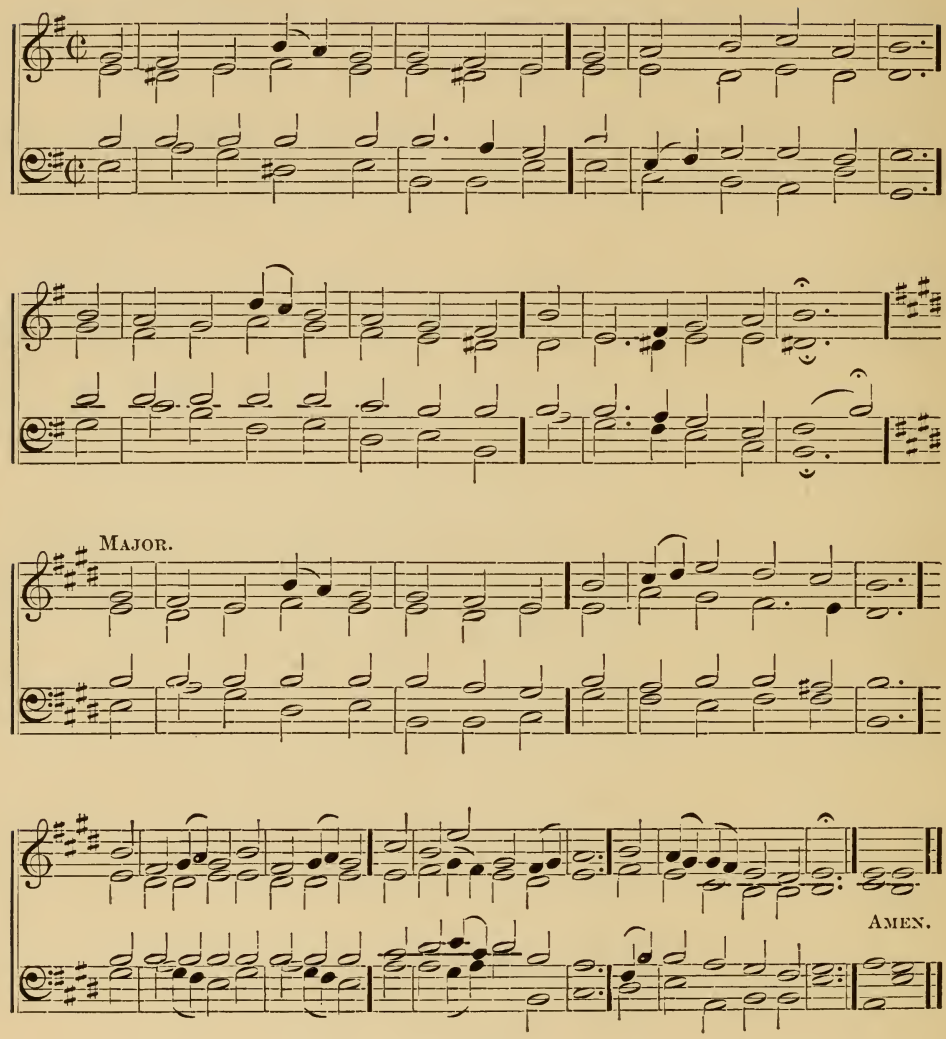
4 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore give us Love.

5 Faith and Hope and Love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is Love.

6 From the overshadowing
Of thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy, heavenly Love. AMEN.

No. 55. I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

Hymn No. 528. C. M. D.



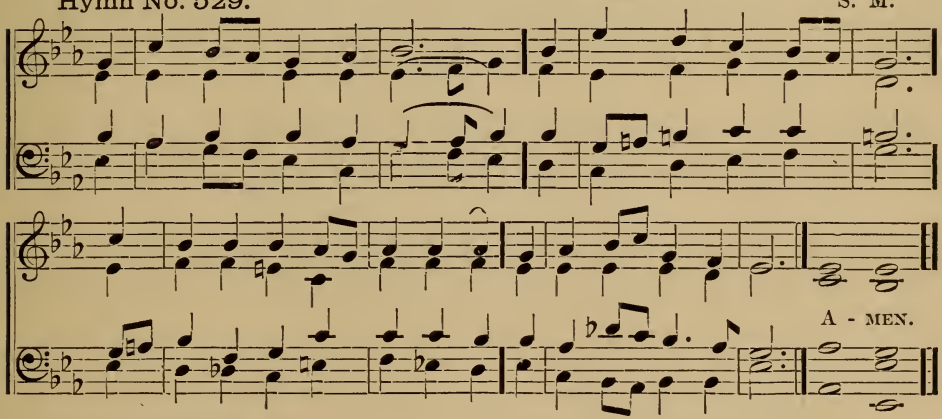
1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down ,thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast:"
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting place,
And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live;"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light,
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright:"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of life I 'll walk
Till travelling days are done. AMEN.

No. 56. Oh, What, if We are Christ's.

Hymn No. 529. S. M.



1 Oh, what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be
When we have borne the Cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyr'd saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's suffering shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where on the bosom of their God
They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief or pain
May be our portion here.

5 Enough if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

6 All glory Lord, to Thee;
Whom earth and heaven adore;
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore. AMEN.

No. 57. The old Years long Campaign is O'er.

C. M. D.

♩ = 100.

A-MEN.

1 *mf* The old year's long campaign is o'er:
Behold a new begun;
dim Not yet is closed the holy war,
p Not yet the triumph won.
Out of his still and deep repose
We hear the old year say:
cres "Go forth again to meet your foes,
f Ye children of the day.

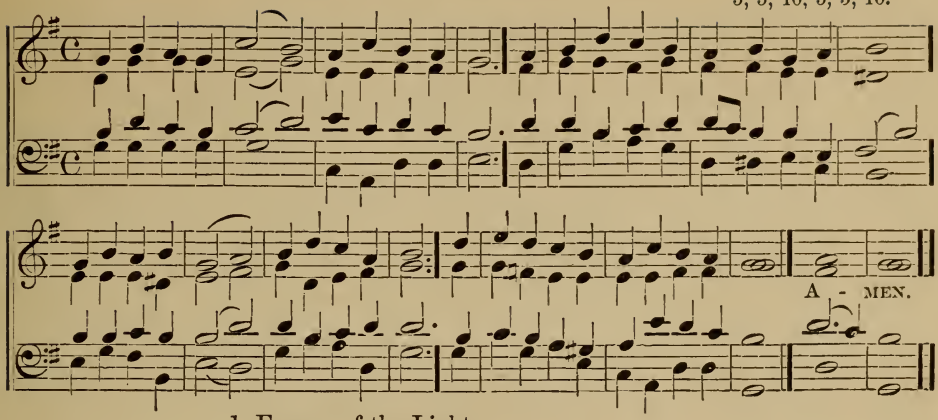
2 *f* "Go forth! firm faith in every heart,
Bright hope on every helm,
Through this shall pierce no fiery dart,
And this no fear o'erwhelm.
Go in the spirit and the might
Of Him who led the way;
Close with the legions of the night,
Ye children of the day."

3 *mf* So forth we go to meet the strife,
We will not fear nor fly,
Love we the holy warrior's life,
p His death we hope to die.
mf We slumber not, that charge in view,
"Toil on while toil ye may,
cres Then night shall be no night to you,
f Ye children of the day."

4 *mf* Lord God, our Glory, Three in One,
Thine own sustain, defend;
dim And give, though dim this earthly sun,
cres Thy true light to the end;
Till morning tread the darkness down,
f And night be swept away,
And never ending triumph crown
The children of the day. AMEN.

No. 58. Framer of the Light.

5, 5, 10, 5, 5, 10.



1 Framer of the Light,
  Who from out the night
The dawn of joyous day again dost bring,
  On our darkened eyes
  Bid Thy bright beams rise
Of endless glory, teach us Lord, to sing,

2 By Thy mercy still
  Spared our place to fill,
O Father be it ours Thy name to bless;
  Sheltered by Thy power,
  In each fleeting hour,
Thy children guide to paths of righteousness.

3 Raised from death-like sleep,
  Ever may we keep
Alive within us thoughts of that great Day!
  Grant the ready mind,
  Give us grace to find
The strait gate unto life, the narrow way.

4 Onward to the goal
  Keep each striving soul,
Upheld by grace divine Thy grace supplies;
  While it still is day,
  May we win our way
Towards the mark, and our high calling's prize. AMEN.

No 59. Brightly Gleams our Banner.

6 5s.

A-MEN.

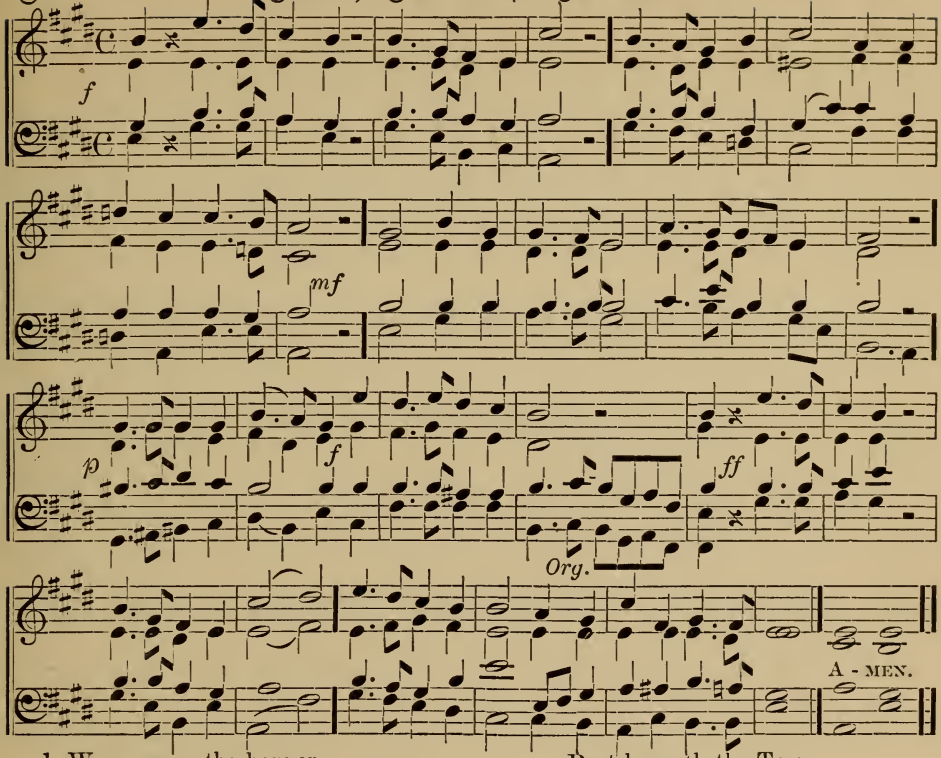
1 Brightly gleams our banner
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.
Journeying o'er the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And with hearts united
Take our heavenward way.
Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onwards
To their home on high.

2 Jesu, Lord and master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See Thy children meet;
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray,
Keep, us mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.
Brighty g'eams, etc.

3 All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe:
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lour,
Pardon Thou and save us
In the last dread hour.
Brightly gleams, etc.

4 Then with Saints and Angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy Throne of love;
When the toil is over,
Then comes rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.
Brightly gleams our banner
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high. AMEN.

No. 60. Wave, Wave the Banner.



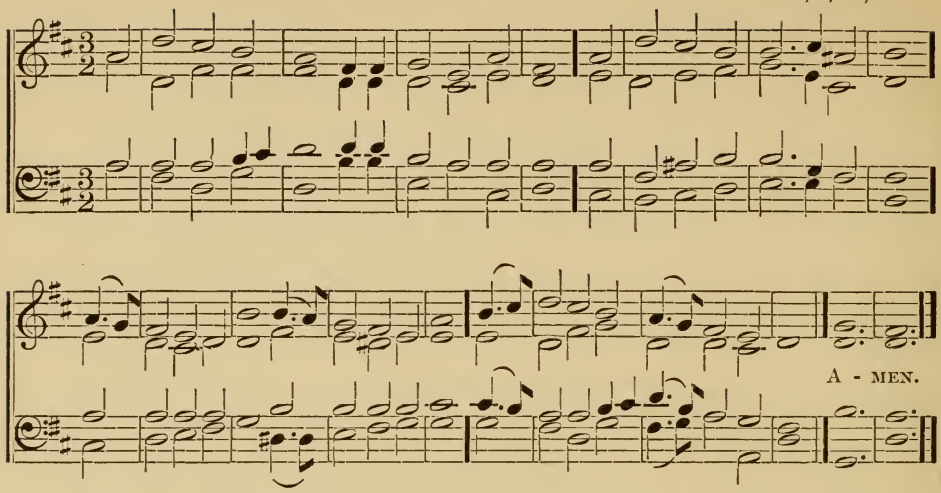
1 Wave, wave the banner,
Raise the Cross on high,
Sing of Jesu's glory,
Of Christ who deigned to die!
On, on, ye wanderers,
Homeward wend your way,
Dark may be the evening,
But brighter far the day!
Wave, wave, etc.

2 Wave, wave the banner,
See! a cross is nigh,
Jesu on it hangeth,
Lifted up on high.
Rest, rest, ye pilgrims,
Rest beneath the Tree,
Hark! He gently calleth,
Sinners, come to me.
Wave, wave, etc.

3 Shout, shout, ye victors,
Ye whose fight is done,
Ye whose toil is over,
Whose crown of life is won.
On, on, ye wanderers,
Homeward wend your way,
Dark may be the evening,
But brighter far the day.
Wave, wave, etc. AMEN.

No. 61. Be Joyful in God.

11, 8, 11, 8.



1 Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth,
Serve Him with gladness and fear;
Exult in His presence with music and mirth,
With love and devotion draw near.

2 For Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone,
Creator and ruler o'er all;
And we are His people, His sceptre we own;
His sheep, and we follow His call.

3 O enter His gates with thanksgiving and song,
Your vows in His temple proclaim,
His praise with melodious accordance prolong,
And bless His adorable name.

4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of His hand,
His mercy and truth from eternity stood;
And shall to eternity stand.

No. 62. At the Cross Her Station Keeping.

8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.

Solemnly, but not too slowly.

A - MEN.

All but the third and sixth lines to be sung in unison.

1 At the cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
Where He hung, the dying Lord;
For her soul of joy bereavéd,
Bowed with anguish, deeply grievéd,
Felt the sharp and piercing sword.

2 Oh, how sad and sore distresséd,
Now was she, that Mother blesséd
Of the soul-begotten One;
Deep the woe of her affliction
When she saw the Crucifiction
Of her ever-glorious Son.

3 Who on Christ's dear Mother gazing,
Pierced by anguish so amazing,
Born of woman, would not weep?
Who on Christ's dear Mother thinking,
Such a cup of sorrow drinking,
Would not share her sorrows deep.

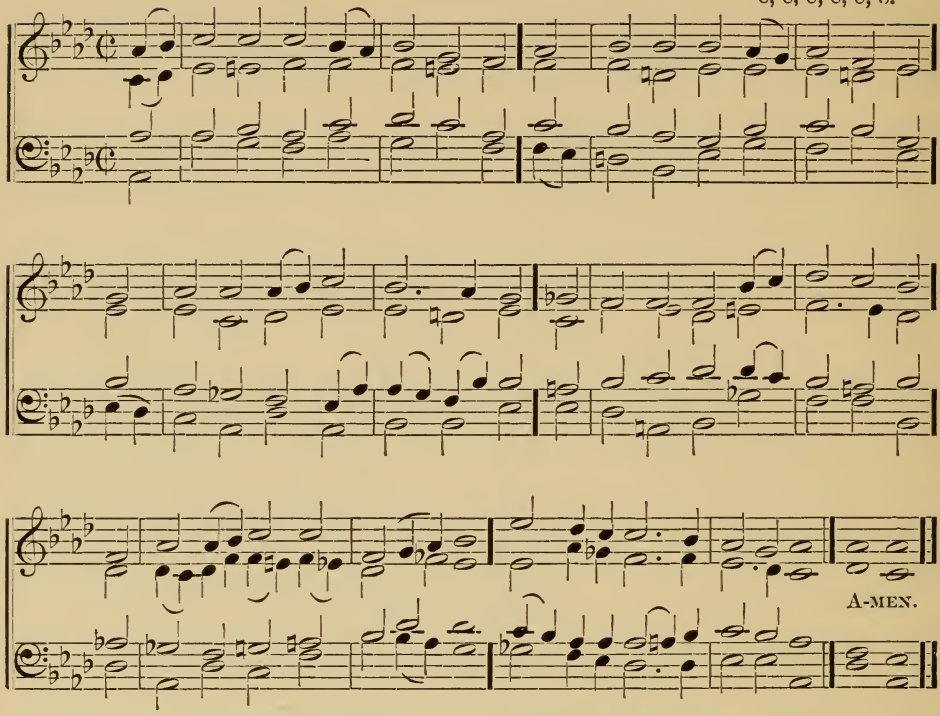
4 For his people's sins chastiséd
She beheld her Son despiséd,
Scourged and crowned with thorns entwined;
Saw Him then from judgment taken,
And in death by all forsaken,
Till His Spirit He resigned.

5 Jesu, may such deep devotion
Stir in me the same emotion,
Fount of Love, Redeemer kind,
That my heart, fresh ardor gaining,
And a purer love attaining,
May with Thee acceptance find.

AMEN.

No. 63. O Love, Who Formedst Me to Wear.

8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.



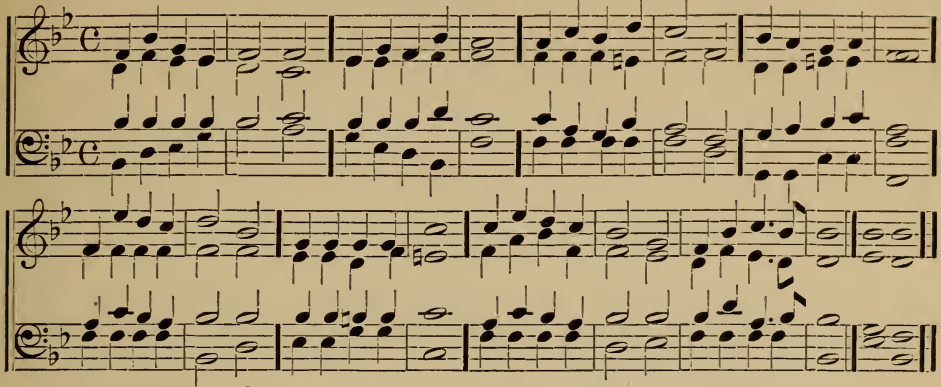
1 O Love, Who formedst me to wear
The image of Thy Godhead here;
Who sought me with tenderest care;
Through all my wanderings wild and [drear;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

2 O Love, Who once in time wast slain,
Pierced thro' and thro' with bitter woe,
O love, Who wrestling thus didst gain,
That we eternal joy might know;
O love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

3 O Love, Who lovest me for aye,
Who for my soul dost ever plead;
O Love, Who didst my ransom pay.
Whose power sufficeth in my stead;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

4 O Love, Who once shalt bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours;
O love, who once o'er yonder skies
Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be. AMEN.

No. 64. Saviour, Blessed Saviour. 6, 5.



1 Saviour, blesséd Saviour,
Listen while we sing;
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.
All we have we offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die:
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

3 Great and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there;
Where no pain, or sorrow,
Toil, or care is known,
Where the angel legions
Circle round Thy throne.

4 Clearer still, and clearer,
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sins forgiven:
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

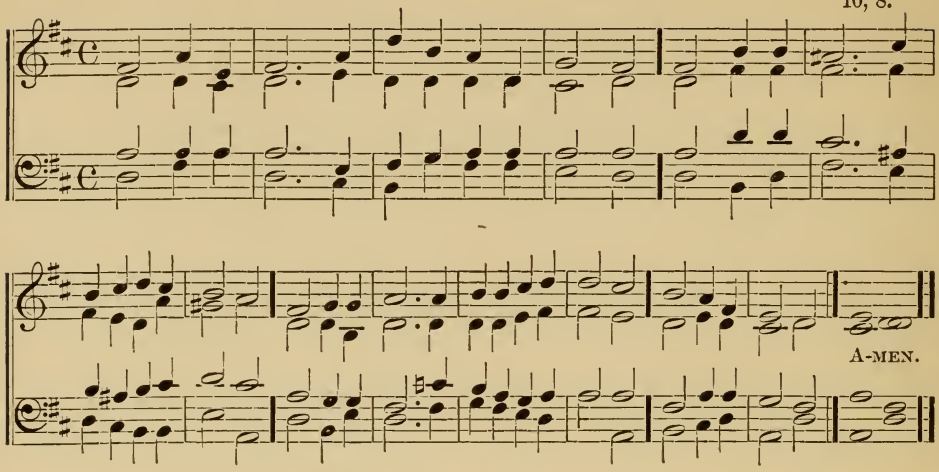
5 Brighter still, and brighter,
Glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that 's done;
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, blessed Saviour,
Find a rest at last!

6 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God!
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

7 Bliss, all bliss excelling,
When the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Finds its promised goal;
Where in joys unheard of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King.

No 65. Lord of our Life, and God of our Salvation.

10, 8.



1 Lord of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and hope of every nation,
Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.

2 See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling,
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling;
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

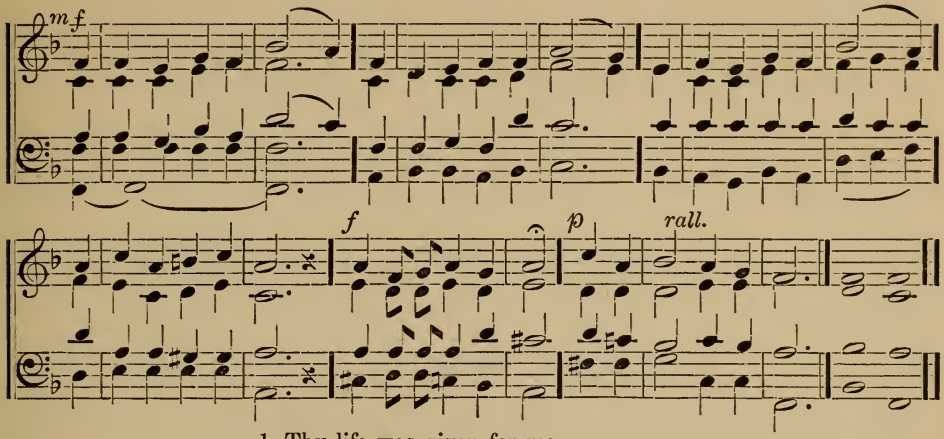
3 Lord, Thou canst help, when earthly armour faileth;
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth;
Lord, o'er Thy Rock, nor death, nor hell prevaileth;
Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

4 Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging;
Peace, in Thy church, where brothers are engaging,
Peace, when the world, its busy war is waging;
Calm Thy foes' raging.

5 Grant us Thy help, till backward they are driven;
Grant then, Thy truth, that they may be forgiven;
Grant peace on earth, or, after we have striven,
Peace in Thy Heaven. AMEN.

No. 66. Thy Life Was Given for Me.

Six 6s.



1 Thy life was given for me,
Thy Blood, O Lord, was shed,
That I might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
Thy life was given for me;
What have I given for Thee?

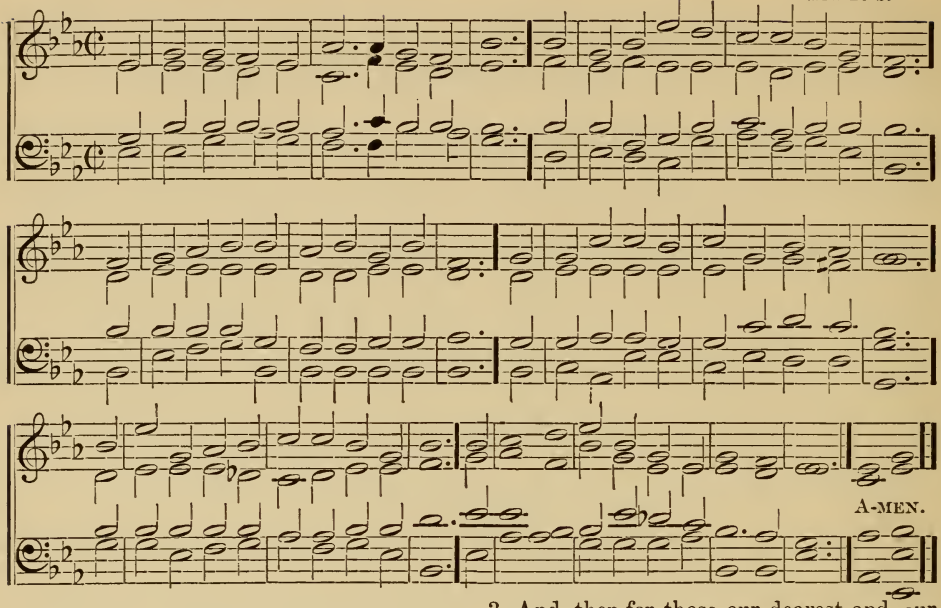
2 Long years was spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know;
Long years were spent for me;
What have I Given of Thee?

3 Thy Father's home for light,
Thy rainbow circled Throne,
Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone;
Yea, all was left for me;
Have I left aught for Thee?

4 Thou, Lord, hast borne for me
More than my tongue can tell
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue me from hell;
Thou suff'redst all for me;
What have I borne for Thee?

No. 67. And now, O Father, Mindful of the Love.

Six 10 s.



1 And now, O Father, mindful of the love
That bought us, once for all, on Calvary's Tree,
And having with us Him that pleads above,
We here present, we here spread forth to Thee,
That only perfect offering, in Thine eyes,
The one, true, pure, immortal Sacrifice.

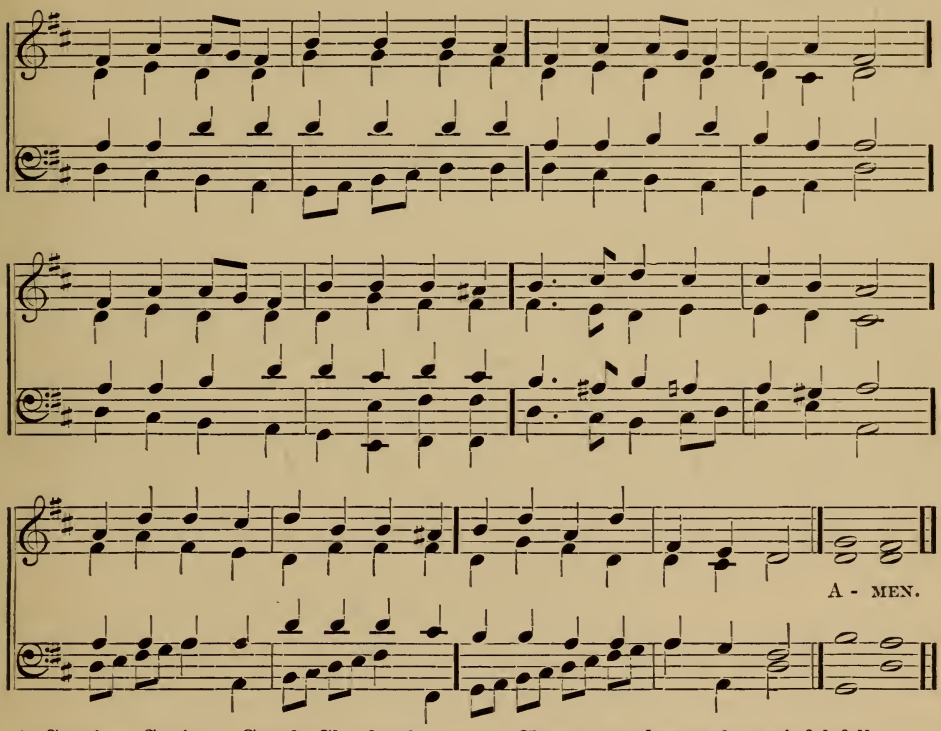
2 Look, Father, look on His Anointed Face,
And only look on us, as found in Him;
Look not on our misusings of Thy grace,
Our prayer so languid and our faith so dim;
For lo! between our sins and their reward,
We set the Passion of Thy Son our Lord.

3 And then for those our dearest and our best,
By this prevailing Presence we appeal;
O fold them closer to Thy mercy's breast,
O do Thine utmost for their soul's true weal;
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear,
And crown Thy gifts with grace to perservere.

4 And so we come; O draw us to Thy feet,
Most patient Saviour, who canst love us still;
And by this food so awful and so sweet,
Deliver us from every touch of ill.
In Thine own service make us glad and free,
And grant us never more to part with Thee. AMEN.

No. 68. Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd.

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.



1 Gracious Saviour, Gentle Shepherd;
Little ones are dear to Thee:
Gathered with Thine arms, and carried
In Thy bosom may we be:
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
From all want and danger free.

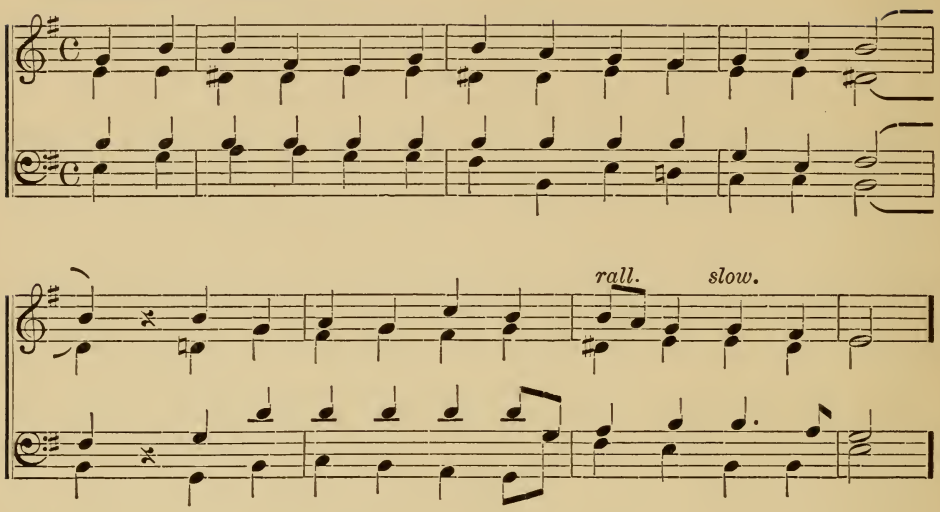
2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us
From Thy fold to go astray;
By Thy look of love directed,
May we walk the narrow way;
Then direct us and protect us,
Lest we fall an easy prey.

3 Cleanse our hearts from sinful folly
In the stream Thy love supplied,
Mingled stream of blood and water
Flowing from Thy wounded side;
And to heavenly pastures lead us
Where Thine own still waters glide.

4 Taught to lisp the holy praises
Which on earth Thy children sing,
Both with lips and hearts unfeigned
May we our thank-offerings bring,
Then with all the saints in glory
Join to praise our Lord and King.

No. 69. Art Thou Weary, Art Thou Languid.

Hymn 514. Verses 1, 2, 3, 4.



1 Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distress'd?
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."

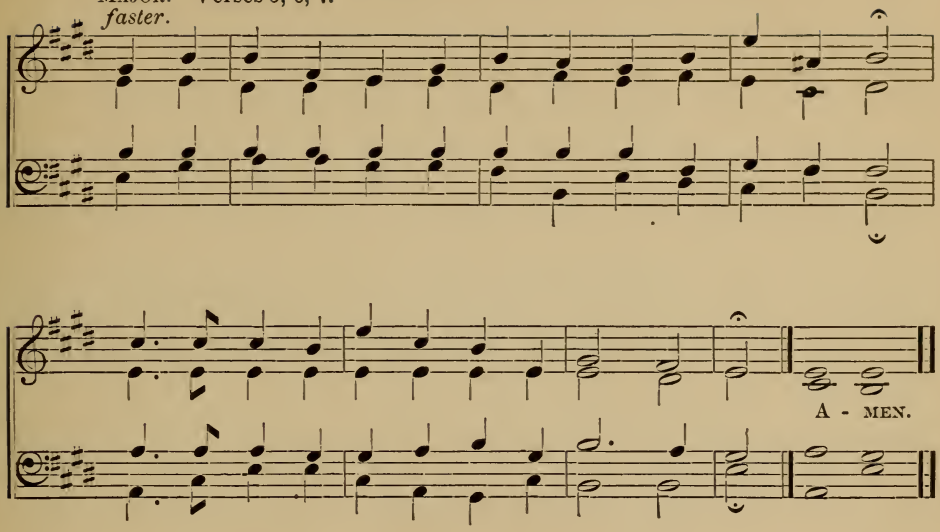
2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

MAJOR. Verses 5, 6, 7.

faster.



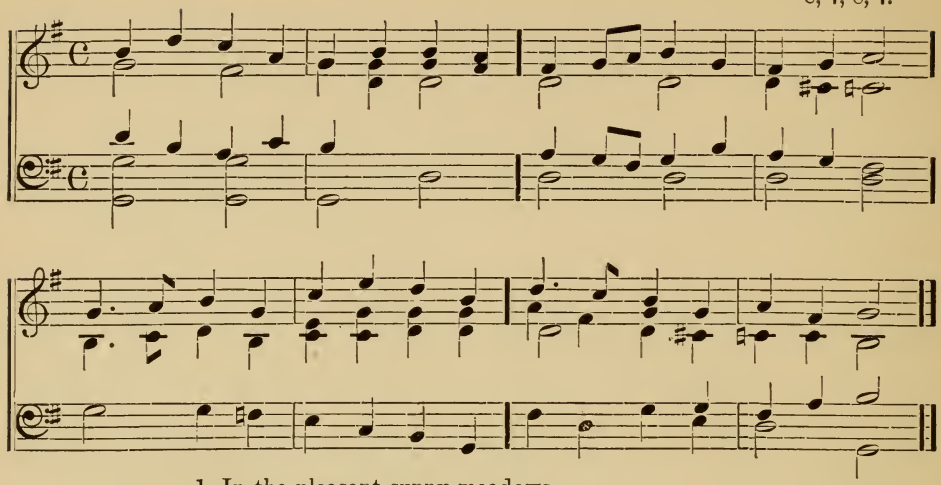
5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquish'd, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, 'yes.'"

No. 70. In the Pleasant Sunny Meadows.

8, 7, 8, 7.



1 In the pleasant sunny meadows
Where the buttercups are seen,
And the daisies' little shadows
Lie along the green.

2 Flocks of quiet sheep are feeding,
Little lambs are playing near;
For the watchful Shepherd, leading,
Keeps them safe from harm and fear.

3 Christians are like sheep, abiding
In the Church's pasture free:
Jesus is our Shepherd, guiding,
And the little lambs are we.

4 O sweet Shepherd, gently lead us,
Lest we fall or go astray;
With the bread of heaven feed us,
That we faint not by the way.

5 Pasture green and clover blossom
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SUGGESTED FOR PROCESSIONAL USE.

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